

THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE DEAD SEA.

Ah! heart of mine, that dim and perilous morn
 Dost thou recall
 When for thy turbulent flock of grown desires
 The God-given ground seemed small,
 Its pasturage fenced with thorn,
 And when to thee as to the Hebrew sires
 Was choice given 'twixt the uplands
 and that plain
 Where lay the cities vain?
 Oh heart, rejoice
 That thy so hesitant choice
 Led to the difficult hills of God
 Part of thy flock, though part
 (Mourn, mourn, O heart!)
 The alluring marches of the cities
 trod.

Ah! heart of mine, not yet.
 Nor ever, shalt thou forget.
 That later day of flood and flame
 That razed the cities of thy shame
 But brought thee pardon; nor the
 Name
 Dread, yet beloved, whence the par-
 don came.
 And yet,
 Although thy feet upon the hills be
 set,
 The plain of thy desire.
 Where burned the cleansing fire.
 Lies hid beneath an acrid lake of
 tears;
 And it shall be
 That not the streams of Lebanon, not
 the years,
 Nor any healing tree
 Shall e'er the saltness quench of that
 Dead Sea.

Thomas Sharp.

The British Review.

REFUGE.

Twilight, a timid fawn, went glim-
 mering by.
 And Night, the dark-blue hunter,
 followed fast,
 Ceaseless pursuit and flight were in
 the sky,
 But the long chase had ceased for
 us at last.

We watched together while the driven
 fawn

Hid in the golden thicket of the
 day.

We, from whose hearts pursuit and
 flight were gone,
 Knew on the hunter's breast her
 refuge lay.

A. E.

MAMMOTHS.

Up and down the high woods, up and
 down the low,

Must 'a' gone a-hunting morts of
 years ago;

When the beaver whistled, when the
 aurochs ran,

Must 'a' been a-hunting when the
 world began.

For I half remember (tusk on kingly
 tusk)

How I've seen the mammoths moving
 through the dusk,

Mammoths all a-marching, terrible to
 see,

Through an awful oak-wood glooming
 ghoulishly.

Shadows huge and hairy, as the day
 was done,

Somehow I remember, walking one by
 one,

Bulls grotesque and solemn pulling
 boughs in halves,

Running 'neath their mothers little
 idiot calves.

Lumping through the oak-swamp, vast
 and dim and gray,

I have watched the mammoths pass
 at dusk of day;

Through the quaking hollow, through
 the tree-trunks stark,

Gleams of mighty ivory breaking up
 the dark.

That's the way I dream it, that's the
 way I know,

Must 'a' gone a-hunting years and
 years ago,

For I've seen the mammoths—'tisn't
 you that could—

Moving like cathedrals through a
 dreadful wood.

Punch.

RELIGIOUS DRAMA.

There are many forbidden things. Every society, class and latitude has its version of the seemly, and readily dubs with the word irreverent any flouting of the taboo; but curiously enough those things which are forbidden in this land are not forbidden in that, and activities which once availed themselves of liberty now seek to live by favor of license . . . while the license of the past, sheltered by some broadening liberalism, walks unashamed and perhaps regretting a little of its old alienage. It was not untruthfully Chrysis told Demetrios that there were dances one dared not dance: yet, to-day, she would dance them at the Palace. The boundary of her courage was her reverence, that obscure mixture of adoration and fear which holds back man from things which he could do if he would, and yet could not do, even with the favor of the law, because staggering under the weight of unspoken words, words that might be spoken when begotten by the secret reverence of his fellows.

It is reverence, then, has shrouded in many places and for many centuries those things which lie nearest to us, our relations to God, to our fatherland, to woman and the home she makes. The less we understood and the more we revered, the greater our ignorance and the greater was our withdrawal into ourselves, the louder our cry that there were dances one dared not dance, until it became almost possible to say that faith was a belief in things which one knew to be untrue. But as we began to understand war, first as a rivalry of princes, then as a sensation for the newspapers, and at last as a game organized by armament firms, patriotism grew less mysterious, became fit

to be discussed. As psychology, pathopsychology,¹ and eugenics gained credit, we ceased to swathe the love of woman in rosy mists, we laid hands upon her, the family and the home. In literature especially, and a little in the drama, we grew bolder, ceased to make excuses for infidelity because we were no longer prepared to accept with closed eyes the holiness of the marriage bond; we cast doubts upon the existence of family happiness and upon the justifications of paternal authority; we threw into one vast melting pot the sex-conventions with those of society and of the economic State. So that to-day many thralls have been removed, that the Björnsons, the Strindbergs, the Galsworthys may say very much what they like, provided they do not touch our religious beliefs.

That is the last prohibition. Religion must not be stood in the cockpit, perhaps lest it fall, perhaps because its dignity is so great as to disqualify it from mortal combat. As a great concession religion may be discussed in books: the Public Prosecutor stays his hand from "Robert Elsmere" and "L'Empreinte," but the drama must remain dumb. Subject to a few exceptions consecrated by custom, such as morality plays, "Everyman" and "Egerheart," subject to caprice and trust in Sir Herbert Tree, as exemplified in the licensing of "Joseph and his Brethren," the prohibition is absolute. It is the Lord Chamberlain's duty to burke the discussion upon the stage of any religious topic. He bases his action upon the very real and deep feeling of the many, that any religious discussion is an irreverent discussion; this is in Great Britain a puritanical rather than a political feeling, and it has a poetic quality

¹ Notably in the plays of Strindberg.

which is very well expressed by Mr. William Poel:²

"I do not believe in the future of religious plays. I have come to see that their tendency is dangerous. Religion can never be acted. It is too real and personal a thing. It is too precious, too sacred. A player may act another man's ambition, cupidity, passion, what you will, but he cannot act another man's religion. An acted religion is of all insincere and odious things the most insincere, the most odious. And the tendency of such plays is towards sentimentalism and claptrap, which are blasphemous in conjunction with religion."

This shows that Mr. Poel establishes a scale, that he looks upon ambition, cupidity, passion, and everything else as pariah topics, while religion stands alone and brahmanic. While accepting art as the mirror of life, he submits that certain things must not be reflected; briefly, there is the dance that no one dare dance. But some dare dance it, and that is the weakness of those who object to the religious play. Not only are the white Christians a minority in the world, but they conceal within themselves many professed agnostics, and millions, perhaps a majority of persons, whom religion does not interest, who are "religious" because they are superstitious. They cannot be shocked, for they do not care, and they can very properly retort to the reverent that they see no reason why religion should not be discussed, while very good reasons can be given why it should. They can argue in the first place that a religious play need not be an irreverent play; they can more powerfully argue that they must not, as open-minded people, be deprived of an opportunity to become interested in a subject which the Churches have failed to make vital to them.

² Interview by Mr. Harold Begbie, "Daily Chronicle," 2nd Sept. 1913.

Certainly, if we examine the religious plays, which are not very many, the rebel case is very strong. When, in "The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet," Elder Daniels thanks God that selling drink pays him, the faithful are shocked. Yet they are not shocked at the idea of Harvest Thanksgiving. The parallel is absolute, but the peasant is assumed to be a fine fellow, the liquor-seller a hypocrite; also it is assumed that one reaches heaven more easily by selling potatoes than by selling whiskey. Those assumptions are of course false, and they rest very largely upon the language the dramatist employs. An absurd idea prevails that all references to the Deity must be couched in the inflated language of the seventeenth century: that is ridiculous; it is quite as easy to be devout in American slang as in Latin or in Jamesian English. When Blanco Posnet reluctantly and almost angrily accepts God he says: "He's a sly one. He's a mean one. He lies low for you. He plays cat and mouse with you. He lets you run loose until you think you're shut of Him; and then, when you least expect it, He's got you." This is not irreverent. No reasonable person can expect a cowboy hedonist, a poetic scallywag such as Blanco, to express himself otherwise; he is saying substantially the same thing as the Fifth Jew in "Salome": "No one can tell how God worketh. His ways are very dark." Blanco is not irreverent; indeed he is passionately reverent, he is vanquished, he has faith. Those who do not understand this are stupid people, therefore people who have no rights.

Irreverence, however, which is generally alleged against religious plays, is alleged rather against the nature of the subject than against its treatment. While it may well be that the stupid faithful suffer when Blanco confesses his faith in Californian terms,

they cannot suffer when this faith is proclaimed in would-be beautiful language in the midst of a beautiful setting. That is the case of "*Le Martyre de Saint-Sébastien*," which is not performed in English; it is not a very agreeable play. It is often pompous, and its words are less than its idea, but it is saturated with a reverence that is throughout passionate. The story of the Archer of the Lord, who, inflamed by the sight of the martyrs, confessed his faith and suffered a glad death at the hands of his fellow archers, is noble and poetic; in every line of the play the breath of worship blows tempestuous. The Saint recalls the miracles, the message of Christ that he should come with Him, behold the hands of Lazarus swathed in their bands; he spies hearts; by teaching the slaves to suffer and to die he enables them to be born again; he bursts into a terrific pœan of adoration when confronted with the woman sick of the fevers: "I salute thee. I bow down to thee. I attest my Hope, I attest eternal Love. By the blood that dyeth, by the tear that washeth, and by all these free souls and by all these men enslaved, upon my knees I pray to thee;" and at last he stands rapt before His shroud, that is all soiled with the blood from His wounds and with funereal ointments.

Sebastian, his soul winging towards the Lord, dying because he does not die, is not irreverent. Those he shocks are not reverent; they are terrified by the intensity of his passion; they cannot bear his love lest they might have themselves to love more than they can bear. And, again, they shrink from "*Salome*," from Jokanaan, terribly denouncing Herodias: "Where is she who gave herself unto the Captains of Assyria, who have baldricks on their loins, and crowns of many colors on their heads? . . . Go, bid her rise up from the bed of her abomi-

nations, from the bed of her incestuousness, that she may hear the words of him who prepareth the way of the Lord, that she may repent her of her iniquities. Though she will not repent, but will stick fast in her abominations; go, bid her come, for the fan of the Lord is in His hand." They shrink, even though the Baptist sublimates all that is heroic in inspired chastity; but here it is not irreverence shocks, it is reverence, it is passion. The cry is not for reverence, it is for tepidity, for a heavy secrecy that shall shroud instead of revealing.

So assured am I that there can be no irreverence in the religious play we know that not even "*The Next Religion*" will I adjudge to its enemies. When Mr. Zangwill causes his schismatic to scoff at "angels, squalling saints, Golden Floor," to call them "played-out stage properties," he does not sneer at the essence of religion but criticizes merely its outer trappings; he states the point of view of one whose mind is fixed on essentials: the objectors must be ready to face the reproach that they lay stress on ritual rather than on dogma. It is true that these allusions to the Christian implements of worship may offend, but it is not proven that they should offend. And one might carry the argument to its logical extreme, point out that, the essence of Christianity being humility, its votaries should call for purifying insult and pain! There is no reason either to confine the discussion to Christianity; logically enough the performance of a play dealing with Mahomet was not allowed, nor, in given circumstances, "*The Mikado*." But plays introducing the worship of Rome and Greece are very common and are not objected to, which leads one to think that the mind of the reverent opposition is rather clouded.

³ Political Prohibition, but the Mikado, victor of the Shogun, is a religious head, a theocrat.

The truth is that reverence is an instinct felt even by the irreligious, that few unbelievers will desecrate a church, and that our latter-day Laodiceans cannot yet free themselves from the tradition of religious worship which runs through their blood. The costumes of the priesthood, the scented silence of the churches, the sumptuous words of the services impress without convincing them. Hence their supine attitude and their acceptance of the proposition that religion must be sheltered. Whether it should be sheltered is very doubtful. If all men believed, the case would have a basis, but, as they do not, I fail to see why one may insult a man because he is a Liberal while one may not insult him because he is a Christian. And as one may insult the Christian in books and newspapers, and on the public platform, subject to etiolated blasphemy laws, the proposition that one may not do so on the stage must logically fall to the ground; if it is to be maintained in the face of logic, then a discussion on Welsh Disestablishment is sacrilegious and we must beware lest we pronounce the word "curate."

Religion cannot pretend to a shelter which is not accorded to politics, morals, art, a little because it uses intellectual weapons to repel intellectual attacks, but mainly because religion is not universal. If but one man in the world proclaimed himself an agnostic he would be entitled to air his views; to prevent him from so doing in any way he chose would be a negation of the civilized idea. The minority may not always be right, but it is always entitled to state its case. If we do not admit this, then the religious idea must entirely disappear from the theatre, "The Gates of Morning" and "The Eldest Son" must lose their licenses because they show up in mean lights, the one a Nonconformist preacher, the other an Anglican priest.

The prohibition rests, then, upon a misconception of the idea of reverence, upon the puritanical view, to which I shall allude further on, that the less one talks of a thing, the more one loves it, a thoroughly North Country, roundhead idea. It is an incorrect idea, for art cannot offend, and it is a foolish idea, because religious drama is a revivallistic agent. Art cannot offend the people who understand it, and those who do not understand it do not matter: this is an aristocratic point of view, but we cannot think of democracy and art together. Therefore, to take an extreme case, no objection could be held by the sentient sincere to the religious dances of Salome and of Saint Sebastian. It may be argued that the dance of Salome, partnered with the Head of the Baptist, is a disgusting, voluptuous exhibition, but quite apart from the fact that Miss Maud Allan has given the performance in public some hundreds of times, which opens a rift in the Puritan case, apart also from the prevalence of religious dancing in the Bible in which kings did not hesitate to join, the reverent must accept the dance as historical. If the Baptist did live and if he was beheaded, if Salome did dance, there is no reason why we should be deprived of the spectacle, however horrible it may be; if the Baptist is a fiction there is no reason why the legend should be hidden in the dusty tabernacle of popular superstition. This dilemma applies also to the dance of Saint Sebastian.

In the third act of "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien," the Archer practically dances the Passion; his movements and his attitudes are ritual. But here, as in Salome, we have a religious passion phrased through the passion of art. His appeal and the upthrust of his soul towards his revealed God are embalmed in the superb of his words. Even though Mr. D'Annunzio

does not attain to the splendor with which Oscar Wilde dowers Herod tempting Salome with treasure, he rises to a pitch that must transcend criticism: he cannot offend those who understand. He can do more; he can stimulate, proselytize, for he can draw from the indifferent and the dull those sparks that are waiting to be drawn. He is no Evan Roberts appealing to the soul through the emotion of superstition, but another whose appeal rests upon the emotion of art. Should the devout object? Does not the end justify the means? And what matters what road man travels towards his salvation if he be convinced that the road he has chosen is meet for his temperament?

I cannot believe that religious drama is aught save revivalistic in effect. This is obvious in the case of the morality plays, for they arouse even in the heart of the infidel a feeling of reverence that may be the ancestor of a desire for faith. Leaving aside "Everyman," it is clear that no Theosophist could be offended by Mr. Clifford Bax's "The Marriage of the Soul," where a woman sacrifices love for Osiris to find love within Him, while the heathen (in this case the Christians) may be stimulated to enquiry. Again, the late Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's "Dame Julian's Window," must compel us to regard ourselves and consider how we face temptation, while "Joseph and His Brethren," that cheap, vulgarized and stogy version of a fine Bible story, must have almost the same effect. For the human soul is as a still pool that containeth many fishes. Much more notable, however, than these pale and tolerated flowers of impulse are the prohibited plays, Mr. Maeterlinck's "Marie Magdeleine" and the immortal "Passion Play." Christ does not appear in the Belgian's poet's work, but over the amazed, scoffing or frightened throng of Romans, slaves and con-

verts. He hangs awful and enormous; He raises Lazarus, sends him as a messenger to the fair sinner, draws her out of her materialistic mire and up into the beatitudes. Though the soldiers guffaw and the philosophers argue, He remains, a pantheon and a voice eloquently calling. It is impossible to sit through "Marie Magdeleine" without feeling at one's heart the tug of an emotion that may be purely artistic but which must infallibly turn thought towards the extra-human. It may not endure, the grain may fall by the wayside, be devoured of the fowls of the air, or upon stony places where is but little deepness of earth. But the parable admits of richer soils.

Of the "Passion Play" I will say little, for it is well known, but I should like to urge in its defence that it can stand of itself, cannot be irreverent, and must stimulate. For I saw it, not in the heroic valley of Ober-Ammergau, but in a booth at the Foire de Neuilly, near Paris, set among the cockshies and the roundabouts; played by illiterate supers in the midst of tawdry properties, it rose up in its own majesty. Though all about it was the merrymaking of the crowd, though the laughter of coarse lovers and the hoarse voices of drunkards pierced the canvas walls, its appeal did not fail. Indeed its humanity was intensified by the warm neighborhood of the revelers; and, contrariwise, its humanity was withdrawn infinitely far, so sharply did it stand in contrast. That night, begging those who saw to think of the morrow and of eternity, the Passion Play offered itself to all the blind mouths.

But the revivalistic spirit has more than one edge. It may woo and it may stimulate; it may make faith by exasperating. A purely sceptical play such as "The Next Religion," sceptical, that is, not from the religious but

from the Christian point of view, does no damage to religion. Certainly, when Mr. Zangwill, alluding to the God of Abraham, stigmatizes the patriarch as a Mesopotamian polygamist, when he causes the vicar's wife to remind her husband that his drunken cook has an immortal soul, or the blacksmith to gloat over thoughts of souls in hell as sparks fly from his anvil, he may exasperate Christians. And they may resent the juxtaposition of contradictory texts, clamor for a more liberal exegesis; they may be angered by the suggestion that Christianity has no monopoly of salvation, that it is only "the next religion in Africa." Well, it is very good that they should be angered and pained, quite apart from the value of mortification to which I have already referred; these attacks, these propositions in virtue of which Christianity is naught save the invention of those who are afraid to die, do not shake the stalwarts of the Church. Far from it, they give quality to their faith because they can maintain it after it has been attacked. Who would have faith in the temper of steel that had not been tested? Yet that is exactly the attitude of those who bid Mr. Zangwill get behind them; they refuse to see him; can it be that they fear to fall?

The reply may be that the weak may fall. Then let them fall; the weak should be destroyed unless we are to lower the quality of religion by condoning their ignorant obsequiousness and their fraudulence. The aggressive, heterodox play performs exactly a double service; it heartens the strong in faith by compelling into action their pugnacious instincts, those instincts for which stands Ferrovius,* the fighter who cannot be meek; it sifts out from among the mass the indifferent, the mechanical worshippers who are nothing but

waste matter, sheer degenerate tissue which impairs the health of the faith.

When Herod, in "Salome," alludes to "an unknown God," when in "Le Martyre de St. Sébastien," the Romans express their hatred of the Gentiles and their fear of the Christians, shrink from "the stink of lilies," which delights the nostrils of the regenerate, it is for the true Christians to rise up in defence of their faith and to show by the growth of their passion that their faith is true. They cannot afford to shut their ears to temptation; I will not revive an ancient controversy by suggesting that God is the Father of sin, but I venture to suggest that, if an omnipotent Being has created all things, nothing can be alien to anything. The world must be taken as a whole and the fine man must select.

But how can he select if no selection is laid before him? How can he be orthodox if no heterodoxy ever confronts him? It is important that in "Androcles and the Lion" the Romans should express the view that Christians are the lowest of the low, ill-bred and ungentlemanly; it is important to consider ("Next Religion") whether Christ was an orthodox Christian; it is important that in "Le Cloître" Mr. Verhaeren should force us to see that human passion may be transmuted into religious passion, and vice versa, that devout priests may intrigue when a new abbot has to be chosen. All this wind of doubt and heresy, all this human, rebellious stuff that strives against the extra-human, that denies God a blind faith, all this is tonic. I repeat, because it is vital to my argument, that the Christian must stand battery.

For a very large question arises: if religion cannot stand battery, can it stand at all? Can it be more than an embalmed corpse? It is not irreverent to suggest in answer that the theory

* Androcles and the Lion.

of the survival of the fittest applies to creeds as to men. The noble creeds, Christianity, Buddhism, Brahmanism, Mahomedanism stand and have stood longer than the creeds of Rome and Greece; they expel fetichism when confronted with it; they bear schism and yet stand. In our particular case, that of Christianity, the edifice cannot crumble if it be founded upon a Rock: if it crumbles, then it cannot be so founded, but it should be the pride of the Church to be attacked. I imagine a Church more arrogant than this, mediæval, more militant, welcoming aggression and insult, serene and secure in its consciousness that no human thing can harm it. For the creed must tower; it must not live on sufferance. It must be the vehicle of high romance. Earthly romance, as we generally understand it, is nothing but artifice; you cannot find romance in a costume play any more than you can find it if you go and look for it in the fields or the slums: such a search is self-conscious. But you can find it in the inspiration of a creed or in the drama that embodies it; while human romance generally deals with dead states, religious romance deals with possible states. It can be with us as it *was* with us and *will* be with us.

What is the enemy then? Given that in Latin countries objection is seldom raised to the performance of a religious play, one is induced to conclude that Puritanism is at the root of the attitude. The Puritan is not, as the Catholic, willing to put his faith to the test because his creed appears based less on faith than on reason. I do not impugn his faith: it is probably clearer and more closely related to earthly life than is the Catholic faith, but it is in intimate touch with his brain; it is a faith to be defended with good reasons, not one to be pas-

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sionately espoused. There are no spiritual weddings among the Puritans. This intellectual attitude induces fear in the breast of the worshipper; that which his brain defends another brain can attack and destroy: he cannot afford to take the risk. When the Protestant Alliance writes to the King, asking him not to be present at a performance of "The Woman of Samaria" at the Coliseum because all the spectators may not be believers, it is voicing that particular fear. Fear should not be the basis of religion, but love; it is not fear makes worship glad, joyous, whole-hearted, it is confidence, self-dedication, and broad humanity, the sense that the joy of life is divine. It is only fair to mention that a strong liberal movement is taking place in England; the performance of "Joseph and his Brethren" is a good sign; it would cheer the heart of Charles Jeremiah Wells, who tried in vain to produce a similar drama in the early part of the nineteenth century; and among the storm of criticism levelled at "Androcles and the Lion," the strong voices of the Rev. R. J. Campbell and the Rev. Thomas Yates have been raised in approval. Puritanism is giving way, perhaps like Mr. Grundy, in "Tono-Bungay," trying "to see no harm in it," perhaps broadening under the pressure of intellectual enlightenment. That is not quite the way in which one would wish it to broaden; it would be better for Puritanism to become prouder, more careless of the merely human, but the end justifies the means enough for us not to object to the line followed by the new movement. We shall yet have a stage as free as the pulpit, and the pulpit will do an ungracious thing if it does not wish it an extreme development of its emotional influence.

W. L. George.

SWIFT, STELLA, AND VANESSA.

I am going to speak of one of the Immortals. There are very few real Immortals, men who actually survive in our minds after they are dead. Celebrated people think they are going to; we think they do, because we know their names and what they did. But there is only just a handful of famous men, not always the greatest, whose character and conduct we discuss, whom we gossip about as though they were still alive. Dr. Johnson is one of these. He survives by grace of friendship—or whatever you like to call the persevering attachment of Boswell.

But the surest and simplest way for a famous man to attain immortality is to have an interesting love-story. "Milton, a name to resound for ages," wrote Tennyson. Yes—a name. But suppose Milton had had an interesting love-story, instead of simply marrying three times and writing a treatise in favor of liberty of divorce—liberty for husbands only, *bien entendu*? Why, he would have come down from his chill "empyrean" to sit by our library fire, a beautiful young poet, in company with those two other beautiful young poets, Byron and Shelley—and with Jonathan Swift. A strange figure this grim satirist, this middle-aged clergyman, to be in our company of poets and lovers. He is there partly as a literary Man-in-the-Iron-Mask. I do not propose attempting to remove that mask. Swift would not be Swift if it could be done. To be secret is one of his immortal attractions. Another is that he opens his heart to us more completely than any of the poets; for whatever may be said of the "sonnet key," poetry cannot resist the lift of its own wings, it cannot keep its feet on the ground of particular concrete facts for long together. They

are something for it to spring from.

Swift is not a poet. His genius is rather photographic. He writes his *Journal to Stella* without even a sub-conscious aim at artistic effect; and he gives us the most vivid, the tenderest and wittiest series of love-letters in the English language. There exist people who deny that they are love-letters. That this can be denied is in itself interesting. But if any reader honestly doubts the love-letterness of the *Journal to Stella*, let him compare it with Swift's letters to his intimate friends, or anyone else's letters to their intimate friends. In that *Journal*, more than anywhere else, we see why Swift was generally attractive to women. I sometimes read in men's writings about Swift that women loved him just because he bullied them, and women like being bullied. But I think that recipe for being loved is altogether too simple.

We see in Swift—especially in the *Journal*—the acutely sensitive heart of the artist, with which perhaps only a woman can fully sympathize, which at any rate appeals to the mothering instincts in her. We see, too, the tremendous virility of his genius and character. Add the charm of his wit, later, of his fame, and we have enough to account for his attractiveness; for the fact of his having inspired a life-long devotion in one brilliant woman and a tragic passion in another.

Swift's romance, that mysterious romance on which so many volumes have been written, began in one of those great seventeenth century households, or families, which were more like tribal settlements than any modern household. He went at one-and-twenty as secretary to Sir William Temple at Moor Park. Much horror

has been wasted over the circumstance that Secretary Swift at first dined at the servants' table. But the name servant in those days implied no social barrier, and if Swift was related to Lady Temple, the valet and lady's-maid were very probably own consins to Sir William. To Swift's haughty nature any kind of subordination appeared humiliating; and, sad to say, Sir William Temple, the lover and husband of the fascinating Dorothy Osborne, was a notoriously pompous, conceited old gentleman. Dorothy herself, who died a few years after Swift's admission to the family, remained his ideal of dignity and grace. But as he says nothing about her wit, we must sadly conclude that a long course of Sir William had damped it down.

Swift spent seven years off and on at Moor Park, twice leaving to seek his fortune elsewhere, and twice returning, each time to find himself standing higher in Temple's confidence and esteem.

It was not the Romance which brought him back. The Romance was at first such a little thing. Only a child of eight years old—Esther Johnson, daughter of a valued servant of Temple's. Johnson, a man of gentle birth, was dead, but the widow and child continued to form part of the great feudal household. Little Esther must have been a lovely and charming child. The exceptional position she occupied in the household was due rather to Temple's sister, Lady Giffard, than to himself; but gossips would have it she was his daughter. This was not true, but it was not so impossible as the story invented to account for Swift's relations with her—namely that he himself was a son of Temple's. In the *Portrait of Stella*, penned by Swift on the nights of her death and funeral, he says "I had some share in her education by directing what books

she should read and perpetually instructing her in the principles of duty and honor." In the *Journal to Stella* we catch glimpses of those companions together at Moor Park: the proud saturnine young secretary and the black-eyed little girl—see them as vague, momentary shapes, like shadows flitting across a blind. They invent a little language which no one understands except themselves. It is often assumed that this was Stella's natural way of talking when Swift first knew her; but as she was then eight years old, and by no means an idiot, this is unlikely. If the haughty, sensitive young secretary had troubles, little Esther knew them. Years afterwards he wrote to her: "Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humor for three or four days, and suspect a hundred reasons?" That "don't you remember"! It recurs in the *Journal*, suggesting an infinite number of silken memory-threads uniting the two hearts.

Now, during his second retreat from Moor Park Swift had fallen in love with a Miss Waring, called by him Varina, and had written her a proposal of marriage. Varina temporized, coquetted—and, four years later, wrote to say she was willing. His reply to her is a masterpiece of brutality, the more startling because penned by that Swift who could be so signally tender and sympathetic towards women. Yet, in fact, the paradox of character with which Swift here startles us is one not uncommonly found in highly strung people.

The proposal to Varina is only important as showing that at this time he did not consider himself cut off from marriage. In the four years that elapsed before she definitely replied to it, much water had run under the bridges. Swift's position at Moor Park had become dignified. He reports that

even the cook is civil to him. Sir William is old and Swift is his right-hand in political confabulations and literary controversies. So his foot is well on the first rung of that ladder of his ambition to the top of which he was destined never to climb. In another way, too, that return to Moor Park determined the course of his life. Esther Johnson, the pretty, delicate child, was now a girl of fifteen; grown up and marriageable, according to the ideas of the day. For the age of marriage has moved on through the centuries as steadily as the dinner-hour. Lady Giffard seems to have taken her into Society, for Swift, in the *Portrait*, writes of her: "She was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful and agreeable young women in London. Her hair was blacker than a raven and every feature of her face in perfection."

The well-known portrait of Stella, with the graceful neck, perfectly oval face and large dark eyes, confirms what her lover-friend wrote of her beauty and intelligence. No wonder the project of marriage with Varina became unattractive. The strange thing was that no other marriage project succeeded it. Some of the modern deifiers of Swift the politician put human nature on the shelf and bravely say there is nothing strange in the circumstance. Yet nowhere else is to be found an instance of a man in the early thirties forming an intimate, devoted and sentimental attachment to a beautiful girl, maintaining that attachment through life and claiming her daily companionship; yet for no discoverable reason, never making her his wife. Bolingbroke described Swift as a "dealer in mysteries," and he has left us here one which Prince Posterity has never been able to unravel. I will not pretend to be able to make a better guess at a solution than Sir Walter Scott. There are objections to

every solution which has ever been suggested. But to me Sir Walter, with his knowledge of human nature, appears most likely to have come near the truth.

While still at Moor Park, Swift began to suffer from the alarming malady which he called his "bad head": a malady which he put down, absurdly enough, to his having on one occasion eaten a surfeit of fruit. Up to recently doctors diagnosed this complaint as an incipient affection of the brain. It is now supposed to have been *labyrinthine vertigo*: a malady of the nerve-centres affecting the sense of balance, causing giddiness and sickness—distressing but not dangerous. Yet whatever the precise nature of the disease, I cannot persuade myself that Swift's was a normally healthy mind, when I think of his bursts of uncontrollable irritability and the peculiar obscenity of many of his writings, so out of harmony with his own ideas of the propriety of conduct due to his cloth. He himself was at any rate haunted by the terror of madness.

When Temple died, in 1699, Swift had won his spurs as a pamphleteer with *The Battle of the Books*, and had in his pocket a MS. which was at once to make his reputation as a writer and mar his fortunes as an ecclesiastic: *A Tale of a Tub*. But not till he becomes domestic chaplain to Lord Berkeley does he discover the playful side of his genius. It goes without saying that he was not great friends with Lord Berkeley and was great friends with the ladies of the family, from Lady Berkeley and her daughters to Mistress Frances Harris, the waiting-gentlewoman, whom he has immortalized in his *Mrs. Harris's Petition*. His tourneys of wit with the sparkling Lady Betty doubtless achieved his training for the adventure of London. When he makes a sketch in verse of the Berkeley family at cards, Lady

Betty adds her own thumb-nail sketch of the chaplain:

With these is Parson Swift,

Not knowing how to pass the time.
Does make a wretched shift

To deafen us with puns and rhyme.

But Ireland held him still. In 1701, Lord Berkeley, glad perhaps to get rid of the Satirist on the Hearth, gave him the living of Laracor, near Trim; and he took the important step of inducing Esther Johnson to settle near him. The reason given was that the small income left her by Temple was invested in Ireland; but we cannot doubt that the real reason was that she and Swift could not be happy apart from each other. Did Stella believe that as soon as his fortunes were assured he would marry her? Or did she know from the first that he had set a bar between himself and marriage? That is a part of their inviolable secret. Tradition says that she told the Bishop of Clogher (Ashe) at the time of the presumed marriage, in 1716, that she had expected Swift to marry her on his return from England in 1714. But that expectation was sure to be imputed to her, whether she expressed it or not, and a passage in the *Journal* is incompatible with it.

Unfortunately, we have not one of the many "saucy letters" that riposted to the *Journal*, although we know just when and how Swift received them and with what delight he read them. "Aren't I silly!" he exclaims, apropos of that. "Faith, your letters would make a dog silly—if I had a dog. But it must be a little dog." We ascertain that he is sharing his income with her, so that their relations must have been already in some way fixed. Towards the end of the correspondence she evidently complains of his long delay in "that nasty England," and elsewhere she has one little fling at the Vanhomrigh ladies. Otherwise we do not trace any feeling of grievance or anxiety on

her part with regard to his long absence or his numerous women friends. It does not follow she had none.

With Stella there had come to Ireland an older woman, Rebecca Dingley. Dingley was a dummy set up by Swift to protect his own reputation and Stella's. He never saw Stella without Dingley being present—in the background. He wrote his intimate and adorable letters ostensibly to Dingley and Stella. Of course he came to detest this self-imposed companion. Only in the lightning flashes of his angry wit do we ever envisage Dingley. We may take it from him she was a stupid woman. It would take a stupid woman to play gooseberry for twenty-seven mortal years; to bear a continual pelting with praises and endearments ostensibly aimed at her but really all meant for somebody else; to sit daily in the same room with two people who would not have her join in their conversation and even hauled her over the coals if she listened to it; and then to be censured for turning to Tiger, the lap-dog, for sympathy. Poor Dingley! I think it very likely she did love Tiger better than Dr. Swift or Mrs. Johnson either.

Stella and Dingley settled at Trim, near Laracor, and when Swift was away they migrated sometimes to his vicarage and sometimes to Dublin. He was punctual in the performance of his duties, but he had only twenty parishioners, whom he describes as "most gentle and all simple"; that is, silly. He lived a homely, practical life at Laracor, and there was always one Swift who loved that homely, practical life; loved building, making a garden and canals, planting willows, finding out the small villainies of Parvisol, the bailiff, and riding, walking, and talking with Mrs. Esther Johnson. But there was another Swift who all the time was listening to the clash of political battle in London, and saying "Ha, ha,"

like the war-horse, to the sound of that trumpet. And yet another Swift who loved London too. Swift the wit, who wanted social success, to shine at coffee-houses and be humbly sought after as a diner-out. And in the early years of Queen Anne his star was already rising on the London horizon.

It was during one of his earlier absences from Ireland that a political friend and ally of his, one Tisdal, aspired to the hand of Stella. And probably that pretty young woman was not indisposed to give her revered friend a little uneasiness. Challenged by Tisdal to declare his intentions towards Mrs. Johnson, Swift, in a dignified letter, said plainly that he was not in a position to marry her. Tisdal retired or was rejected. And Stella, for all her beauty and charm, never had another wooer. It is a common weakness to want to eat your cake and have it too, but only a few people manage to do it. Swift was one of those people.

In 1708 Addison had already hailed him as the greatest genius of the age, and the brilliant years from 1710 to 1713, which he spent in London, were still to come. During those years the world of London—political, literary, social—was at his feet. It was the unique triumph of a unique personality. Unluckily there was no great painter at hand to portray that wonderful countenance. Jervas shows us the stalwart, dignified figure, the strongly marked but handsome features, the double chin and heavy eyebrows, with the surprisingly blue eyes beneath. His friends tell us that those blue eyes could sparkle with an incomparable archness, but that even at the height of his fame a cloud of melancholy would often darken his face. They add that the terror of his look could strike awe into the beholder.

The story of those three years of crowded life is written day by day in

the *Journal to Stella*. But Stella was a literary name given to Esther Johnson some years later. By what names she and Swift really called each other is still one of their little secrets. We only know that in the *Journal* P.P.T. stands for Stella, P.D.F.R. for Swift. M.D., which occurs most frequently, is supposed to stand for Stella and Dummy Dingley. When Swift really addresses Dingley his tone is markedly different. The plural number, the M.D., are but ostrich tricks in those tender letter-endings which flower on every page. Such as: "Just going to sleep and dream of my own dear, roguish, impudent, pretty M.D." Because we know Dingley was not pretty, or roguish, or dear.

The *Journal*, scribbled hastily, for the most part in bed, is a series of vivid moving pictures. The statesmen, the men of letters, the London ladies, Queen Anne, the courtiers, Patrick, his man-servant, pass rapidly before us, in their habit as they lived. Reflected, as in a magic-mirror, we get glimpses of Stella playing cards with her friends in Dublin, Stella riding from Trim to Laracor and finding Parson Swift in his morning-gown in the garden. The most photographically clear figure is that of Swift himself: Swift in his anger, his vengefulness, his pride—an exaggerated pride, which is partly a revolt from the attitude of dependence enforced upon him for thirty years. He exults in his liberty, he uses it as a weapon. "I make all the great lords come to me," he writes. And again, exultantly, "I treat them like dogs." We find him publishing an edict that if great ladies want his acquaintance, as indeed they do, the first advances must come from them. He calls Ministers out of the House to speak to him and haughtily refuses the 50*l.* Harley sends him, not because as remuneration for his services it is ridiculously insufficient, but because

this is not the sort of payment he wants. He wants a high position in the Church, for the days of the Churchman-statesman are not yet quite over. It is a curious speculation how great and exactly what his influence would have been if he had attained his desire.

The *Journal* shows his parsimonious habits, which made him both independent himself and able to be generous to others. We can almost count the number of lumps of coal he puts on his fire; as to which he has a standing quarrel with Patrick. November was the right month in which to begin fires, yet on the 11th of October we read that on his return to his lodgings "Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I picked off the coals before I went to bed." The lines in which he described his housekeeping in Dublin would pretty faithfully describe it in London too:

On rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone
And pick my chicken to the bone;
But this my servants much enrages—
No scraps remain to save board-wages.

Except that in London on rainy days he took to dining with Mrs. Vanhomrigh.

But if his faults and eccentricities appear in the *Journal*, so too do his tireless kindness and benevolence, his sympatheticness, his intense affection for his friends. The death of a friend or a *protégé*, Guiscard's paltry attempt on the life of Harley, shatter him with grief and emotion. Yet, in spite of his warm friendships, the face that he turns to his friends is not the same face that he turns to Stella. That has "silent silver lights and darks undreamed of." For her his most intimate thoughts and the prodigal rhyme-bubbles of his wit; for her alone his wonderful gift of crystallizing a caress in language. "Do you know," he says

to her, "that every syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to M.D. Faith, I'm very silly, but I can't help it for my life." Pictures of P.P.T. and her doings continually start up before him. Here is one of Stella going for a ride:

O Lord, how hasty we are! Stella can't stay writing, writing—she must go a-cock horse, pray now. Well, but the horses are not come to the door. The fellow can't find the bridle; your stirrup is broken. Where did you put the whip, Dingley? Marg'et, where have you laid Mrs. Johnson's ribband to tie about her? Reach me my mask. Sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop! Sit fast, sirrah! and don't ride hard over the stones. Well, now Stella is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a good girl?

There follows a plain business talk with Dingley—then:

O Madam Stella, welcome home! Was it pleasant riding? Did your horse stumble? How often did the man light to settle your stirrup? Ride nine miles? Faith, you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promised me? I have been a good boy, ask Dingley else. I believe you did not meet the fine thing man. You are a cheat! Faith, that riding to Laracor gives me short sighs as well as you. All the days I have passed here have been dirt to those.

He writes this from Windsor, where he gives us almost as vivid pictures of the Court. We see the Royal hunt sweep past, the Queen driving herself in a one-horse chaise. We see Swift galloping in the company of the Maids of Honor in laced coats and hats, which they take off when the Queen passes. Swift himself is wearing a borrowed coat of light camlet and silver buttons; handsome but unclerical attire, in which he evidently likes himself. We sit among the good company at the table of green cloth; and at the end of the brilliant day we find him in his

bedroom, recording that "poor, poor P.D.F.R. has never had a happy day, as hope saved, since he left P.P.T." And doubtless he felt this to be true, and it was true in a way, because P.D.F.R. could not be happy without eating his cake and having it too. And this Windsor date reminds us that Stella did not know of all the cake he was eating. He had promised to tell her every day where he dined, so it will out that he frequently dines with Mrs. Vanhomrigh—Neighbor Van, for short. Her daughters are barely mentioned. Perhaps someone gives Stella a hint; at any rate we find her catching up the first stick handy wherewith to belabor the Vanhomrighs. She asks why he wastes so much of his time on "women of no consequence." Swift speaks up for his friends. "Why," says he, "they keep as good company as I do. I see all the drabs of quality at their house." He might have added "and some men of importance too."

Now, who were the Vanhomrighs to see so much good company? The father had been a Dutch merchant settled in Ireland. We get no hint that Mrs. Vanhomrigh was herself "a drab of quality." The girls had small fortunes but not sufficient to attract the aristocratic mammas of the day, who hunted heiresses for their sons with unaffected eagerness. We can only conclude that there was something brilliant and attractive about the trio of women at The Sign of the Three Widows, St. James's, as Swift addressed a letter to them in his absence.

After this little snarl of P.P.T.'s, although Swift notifies her of numerous dinners and visits at the Vanhomrighs, he has always an excuse for going there. His fertility in excuses becomes something remarkable. We grow familiar with Mrs. Van's drawing-room and its card-playing fine ladies; but we hear nothing about that

room called the Sluttery and the hours he spends there, drinking coffee with her eldest daughter. In the *Journal* Swift gives no name to this girl, only nineteen when her history begins. Elsewhere he has half a dozen names for her, from Littlemissessy to Governor Huff and Vanessa. He educates her—that he does to every woman he likes. Witness the amusing Lamentation he puts in Lady Acheson's mouth:

At breakfast he'll ask
An account of my task . . .
Not a book for delight
May come in my sight,
But instead of new Plays,
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore every day on
That nasty Pantheon.

He continually walks in the Park or to Kensington with her and her sister, makes her the confidante of his hopes and fears, and allows her to scold and tyrannize over him too. He writes to Missessy:

I long to drink a dish of coffee in the Sluttery, and hear you dun me for secrets and "Drink your coffee! Why don't you drink your coffee?"

And sometimes he says her coffee is the best in the world, the only coffee worth drinking—and sometimes he calls it "ratsbane." That the phrase "drinking coffee" comes to have some hidden meaning is plain enough, and it is observable that cryptic forms of speech are used by Swift only in writing to Stella or Vanessa. She is no female philosopher, Missessy, but a young woman of passionate emotions and strong will, one that, as she says of herself, "when she undertakes to do a thing, does not love to do it by halves." Then there is her sister Molly, "the agreeable wretch," as Swift calls her. Moll has no bump of reverence. She has none of her sister's awe of the great man's greatness, but will laugh at him as well as with him. Swift pulls himself up, in the midst of a seri-

ous letter to Missessy, to interpolate "Now Moll laughs because I speak wisely." "A girl of infinite value," he says years after, over merry Moll's early grave. But in London, and even later in Dublin, he must not address himself too often to Moll or Governor Huft will be jealous. She counts how often she and her sister respectively are mentioned in one letter, and in another he writes to her: "How much have I written without saying a word of Mollkin—and you will be whipt before you will deliver a message with honor."

The two sisters lived closely united, but the "agreeable wretch" is not a Dingley; and had she been, I suspect Missessy would have made short work of her.

The poem of *Cadenus and Vanessa* was written after Swift had become Dean of St. Patrick's in 1713, but before he left England. It presents the story of his relations to Vanessa in the way it suited him to present it. And such is the immortal power of his personality that for some two hundred years he has hypnotized his biographers into accepting his tale, inconsistent as it is with itself and still more inconsistent with his letters to Vanessa. These letters, full of cryptic allusions, of meaning silences and guilty-seeming fears, are far indeed from bearing out the view, improbable in itself, that for some twelve years Vanessa besieged him with a love which he consistently discouraged. I fully agree with what Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has said on the subject: that in a modern Divorce Court such letters as Swift's would constitute very damaging evidence against a man. Swift's high character sets him above the worst imputations that they invite, but they leave no doubt in my mind that Vanessa's passion both flattered and fascinated him, and that for a time he returned it, although his relations with her always

caused him uneasiness of mind and conscience and never extinguished his much deeper affection for Stella. That he was weary of Vanessa before the end is apparent. For that very reason I believe he must have parted from her earlier and without the help of a crisis if she had not had a stronger claim on him than that of having offered him for twelve years an unwelcome and rejected love.

In his relations with Stella the whisper and the mask had become part of Swift's moral outfit. In *Cadenus and Vanessa* they are obvious. It is assumed that this poem was written to flatter the vanity of Vanessa. Yet in the opening a portrait of her is drawn which cannot have been flattering to the young lady of the St. James's drawing-room, who loved to make a figure in the world, had fellows at her bedside of a morning, and was not so destitute of suitors as Cadenus pretends. No—the main motive of the poem is to express Cadenus' own natural pride in finding himself, at the age of forty-five, the object of such a passion; while at the same time it exonerated him from all blame. The insincerity of the thing is apparent. Of this young lady, with whom he used so often to walk in the Park, he asserts:

He hardly knew till he was told
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place
Without distinguishing her face.

That the declaration of Vanessa's love was a great shock to Cadenus we can really believe. Assuredly, Stella would never have taken his lectures on Candor so seriously. But does he behave like the embarrassed professor, the indifferent and impeccable creature he represents himself? Does he go away? Not at all. He is horrified at Vanessa's passion; but he stays—and gets used to it. There are ten lines at the close of the story which always visibly mortify Swift's biographers, because

they cannot be made to fit into the picture of him perpetually holding Vanessa at arm's-length, although we need not put upon them the gross interpretation of the eighteenth century. I think it probable that these lines were among the additions made to the poem years later, when he sent the MS. to Vanessa. In ending the story for her Swift was in a dilemma; unwilling to declare the truth, and ashamed to tell a complete falsehood.

But how weak and wooden a puppet-show is *Cadmus and Vanessa* beside the letters! Live human things these, however masked and whispering. Here is the first note preserved from the tutor to the pupil whose face he would have us believe he would not have recognized, but with whose habits he seems very well acquainted. He encloses a letter to a friend, then adds:

I suppose this packet will lie two or three hours till you awake. And pray let the outside starched letter to you be seen after you have sealed up Mrs. L.'s. See what arts people must use, though they mean never so well. Now are you and Puppy lying at your ease, never dreaming of all this. Adieu—till we meet over a pot of coffee or an orange in the Sluttery, which I have so often found to be the most agreeable chamber in the world.

When Swift wrote to Stella from Windsor in July 1711, he told her he had sent a haunch of venison to Mrs. Vanhomrigh and wished Stella had it instead. He did not mention, much as he told of other matters, that Mrs. Van and her daughters had been at Windsor, still less what had happened there to leave so deep an impression on his memory and on that of Vanessa. But long years afterwards he writes more than once to Vanessa, to quiet her agonized doubts of his attachment: "Go over the scenes at Windsor. Cad: often thinks of them."

The next few years yield few letters, but on the showing of Swift's

later letters they added many chapters to the unwritten Romance of Cadmus and Vanessa. In 1713 came the crash of all Swift's ambitions. Harley fell. Swift had for all reward received that Irish deanery, so hateful to him. He retired to the Vicarage of Letcombe Basset. How the twentieth century may have dealt with Letcombe Basset I cannot say. In the nineteenth it was still what it must have been when Swift buried there his bitter disappointment, his deep melancholy—a little gray village in a fold of the long gray Berkshire downs. A humble village, clothed with the majesty of noble trees. A chapter in the unwritten part of *Cadmus and Vanessa* is headed "The Berkshire Surprise." Vanessa visited him there—Mrs. Van, with her endless hospitalities, seems to have outrun the constable, and the family had retreated to Oxford, with Swift's knowledge and approval. As Letcombe is within a drive of Oxford, the Berkshire Surprise must have been quite a little one. Yet we can well believe in the sincerity of Swift's subsequent cry to Missessy—"You should not for the world have come!"

For every new chapter added to it was forging another link in the chain he knew himself bound to break before he touched Irish ground. Yet, when he touches it, it is to Missessy alone among his friends that he reveals in all its intimacy the anguish and bitterness of his proud spirit. This despair of the exile was justifiable, because Swift was not a man whose genius found its most perfect expression in pure literature. He was a great personal and public force, and it seemed at first as though in Ireland that force was condemned to work *in vacuo*. Dublin, which was later to idolize him, received him with coldness and insult. He had returned to Stella, but three crowded, glorious years lay between them; and then Stella was so

glad he had an Irish preferment. So he wanted, imperatively wanted, Missessy's sympathy; while he also doubtless knew it was desirable to throw the Romance on to that great rubbish-heap of broken hopes and ambitions which he had left behind him in England. But fate and Vanessa say no. Mrs. Vanhomrigh dies, and Missessy's property is in Ireland. That is a reason for the two Miss Vanhomrighs to come to Dublin, though it may not be the most pressing one. So now we have Stella lodging on Ormonde's Quay and Vanessa in Turnstile Alley—and Dr. Swift's indiscretions have indeed found him out. But it would seem that at this time Stella retired for some considerable period to friends in the country; with what feelings we can only vaguely guess. Had she presided at the Deanery table then, as she did later, the two women could hardly have failed to meet. But we know, from Mrs. Delany, who only saw Stella once, and that by accident, that she was not met in general society; only in Swift's immediate circle, consisting mostly of men. He had vowed to Vanessa that if she came to Dublin he would almost never see her. That vow must have been royally broken, for we soon find him in great agitation, complaining that Dublin gossip affirms he is in love with her, going to marry her, "and a hundred other particulars." So we find the Miss Vanhomrighs removing to a house at Celbridge, nine miles out of Dublin. It must have been almost a new house then, not large, but standing in large grounds, through which ran the Liffey—a river which, says Swift, is like Governor Huff herself, "for it never murmurs but sometimes roars." There were once many laurels in the grounds, because, as an old gardener who remembered Vanessa told Scott, she used to plant a new laurel for each visit of her famous friend. A small semi-cir-

cular stone seat, overarched, and built into the steep-wooded bank above the river, is called Vanessa's Bower. Here she and Swift would sit with books and papers before them and the Liffey foaming below.

With Vanessa out at Celbridge, letters become more frequent. Cadenus justly praises Vanessa's. Mr. Erasmus Lewis had formerly said she could rally very well, and in her lighter vein they are graceful and humorous, as are those of many eighteenth-century ladies. But it is in the expression of tragic passion that they rise to the height of literature and even, in a very small way, fill a gap in the literature of the period. For eighteenth-century literature is as wanting on the side of passion as it is wanting on the side of poetry. There is a great deal of lewdness in it, a great deal of friendship. When we get as far as Richardson there is sentiment and pathos; but there is no picture of passion, such as you find in Dryden's *All for Love*. There is no love-lyric, such as the Jacobean breathed forth quite naturally. Those few burning pages of Vanessa's express what in other generations was the stuff of poetry. Here is one of the latest letters:

Oh! How have you forgot me! You endeavor by severities to force me from you; nor can I blame you, for with the utmost distress and confusion I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you. Yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare it is not in the power of Time or accident to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for Cadenus. Put my passion under the utmost restraint, send me as distant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will stick by me while I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul, for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced

with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake tell me what has caused this prodigious change in you? If you have the least remains of pity, tell me tenderly. No, do not tell it, so that it may cause my present death, and not suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.

This is not the language of a lover who has never experienced anything except severities. Swift's letters are less quotable because they are intentionally made difficult to understand. Vanessa herself complains that they are difficult—he replies grimly that hers are not. He proposes writing a further story of *Cadmus and Vanessa*:

From the time of spilling the coffee to drinking of coffee; from Dunstable to Dublin, with every passage since. There would be the chapter of Madam going to Kensington; the chapter of the wedding, with the adventures of the lost key; of the sham; of the joyful return; two hundred chapters of madness; of the Berkshire surprise; a hundred whole books of myself; the chapter of whisper and hide and who made it so.

Again and again he bids her tell over these beads of memory, adding others—scenes at Windsor or in the Sluttery. After such a catalogue, he concludes with:

Last year I wrote you civilities, and you were angry; this year I write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were still the same, and I give you leave to be — and will be answerable for them. I hope you will let me have some of your money when I see you, which I will pay you honestly again. Répondez moi si vous entendez bien tout cela et croyez que je seray toujours tout ce que vous désirez.

In his last letter to her he recapitulates these scenes, adding that he thinks often of them, "especially on horseback."

It is possible by selection from these letters to represent Swift as always trying to get rid of Vanessa. He did struggle to break with her—intermittently. He was a man of honor in other matters, a man with a heart and a conscience. The fact that he did not break with her until 1722 is, to my mind, the only argument of weight against his having married Stella in 1716. It used to be urged against the fact of the marriage that it was never gossiped about in Swift's lifetime. But gossip is of its nature ephemeral. If it leaves a permanent trace, that is accidental. Such a trace has, as we shall see, been found recently, showing the marriage was a matter of common report in 1723. His most intimate friends believed in it. Many years after his death, Bishop Berkeley's widow stated that her husband had been informed of it by Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, who had performed the ceremony. It is true that Berkeley was on the Continent in 1716, and until after the Bishop's death; but he was travelling with Ashe's son, and the Bishop may well have confided the secret by letter, thinking it right that the fact should be in the possession of some other clergyman, in the event of his own death. Dr. Johnson accepted the evidence of Madden, who had it from a man—probably Sheridan—to whom Stella had confided it on her deathbed. Dingley indeed, when questioned, put the matter aside as "a report"; but even if she knew, that was how she was bound to treat such indiscreet interrogatories. The date 1716 seems probable—for Stella, however loyally accepting her position, was a human woman—a fact overlooked by some writers. The gossip about Miss Vanhomrigh, of which Swift complained, would assuredly have reached her ears, and as assuredly she would have wished to bolt the door against her rival. But the end was not for six

years more. The story of it, as generally told, seems to me very credible. The three people in it act like themselves. It was not an imaginative or romantic generation, and I do not think there was anyone in Dublin capable of inventing such a story.

Vanessa was now utterly alone; Molly was dead. She was shut out from Swift's circle, where Stella reigned, and although her neighbors sought her society, she went out little. There was nothing to distract her attention from her ill-fated passion. She must long ago have heard all about Stella—yet she evidently dared not question her Cadenus, as much feared as adored. Unable to bear her doubts any longer, she writes to her rival to know the truth. Stella replies, avowing the marriage—and hands the letter to Swift. He, in a tempest of rage, mounts his horse and storms along the nine muddy miles to Celbridge, beside the turbid Liffey. He strides into the little room where he has so often "drunk his coffee." We can imagine Vanessa starting up from her stool by the fire as the door is flung open and Cadenus stands before her, dark and flushed with wrath and riding. If she has trembled at his awful look before, what must she feel before it now? He flings her own letter on the table, rushes from the house, mounts his horse and rides out of her life for ever. About two months afterwards Vanessa died. She came of a young-dying family, but doubtless a broken heart hastened her end. Her place of burial remained unknown till 1907, when Mr. Guinness found the entry at St. Andrew's Church, Dublin, bound up by error with baptismal registers. Her father and sister Mary had been buried in "the old round church of St. Andrew's."

A few weeks later, in July 1723, her end is thus cruelly recounted by Bishop Evans, an enemy of Swift's. His let-

ter came to light in the library of Christ Church, Oxford, only in 1906. How much falsehood there is in his malicious gossip we can only guess; but his story at any rate corroborates details given many years after by Orrery, Deane Swift, Sheridan, and Delany. The Bishop writes to Archbishop Wake:

I think it not improper to acquaint your Grace with a passage lately happened here, wherein Jonathan Swift is said to be pretty much concerned. A young woman, Mrs. Van Omrig (a pretended vain wit) and the Dean had great friendship. Many letters and papers passed between them They give out there was a promise of marriage between them, but this I cannot affirm. However it be, she designed to give him all her fortune. . . . In April last she discovered that the Dean was married to Mrs. Johnson (a natural daughter of Sir William Temple, and a very good woman), upon which she expresses in her illness great indignation, making a new will and leaving all to Dr. Berkeley of our College (who had never seen her above twice) and to one Mr. Marshall, who was charged by her on her death-bed to print all the letters and papers which had passed between the Dean and herself. 'Tis generally believed she lived without God in the world. When Dean Price, the minister of her parish, offered her his services in her last minutes, she sent him word, "No Price, no Prayers," with a scrap out of the Tale in a Tub . . . and so she died. The Archbishop and the whole Irish posse have prevailed with Mr. Marshall not to print the papers as she desired, lest one of their own dear joys should be trampled over by the Philistines.

Cadenus and Vanessa was published three years later, but the letters survived hazardously for ninety years before seeing the light. We need not assume that the publication of *Cadenus and Vanessa* was dictated purely by revenge. It was not only the man but the great man that Vanessa adored in

Swift. She had to choose whether her name should be forever blotted out from the book of his fame—as it would have been most carefully had her papers perished—or should survive as indissolubly linked with his as Stella's own. Vanessa has been unfortunate in that her character has been attacked both by Swift's friends and by his enemies. His enthusiastic Irish admirers detested, and still detest, her memory as an occasion for "their dear joy to be trampled over by the Philistines." His intimate friends loved and admired Stella. They resented for her sake the intrusion of a rival, for his a shadow on his reputation; and, generally speaking, they made the least or the worst they could of Vanessa. Delany, who had seen her but once, wrote thirty years after her death that he had heard she had consoled herself with drink for her quarrel with Swift. It would indeed have given a last hideous touch to the tragedy if the brilliant girl of St. James's Street had ended thus. But Bishop Evans, who serves hot-and-hot all the shocking details he can collect concerning the end of "the vain wit," would have been delighted to add drunkenness to her sins if it had ever been suggested. The attitude of Swift's biographers has generally been that of his friends: they have felt the charm of Stella and treated Vanessa as a mere pirate on her seas. With the exception of Scott, who hints rather than presses some alternative views of Swift's relations with her. Yet by one of the paradoxes of life, the figure of Stella gains immensely in pathos and romantic interest by the tragic shadow of Vanessa in the background. Except for that shadow, tragic also for her, it is surely the most futile conventionality to speak of Stella as a woman to be pitied, a badly

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used woman. She was the respected, the admired, the tenderly loved companion of a man who was not only a great genius but a great personality—which is not always the same thing. Suppose Swift had stepped aside and left her to marry Tisdal or another. would that have conduced to Stella's happiness? Surely not. The flame of her life must always afterwards have burned dim and discolored, transferred from an altar to a parlor grate. If, as time went on, she complained a little of P.D.F.R.'s tiresome ways, as his acknowledged wife she would have found them still more tiresome, and complained as much as good wives do, which is often a good deal. Just as in earlier years Swift's sparkling, corrosive, tremendous pen never achieved tenderness except for her, so at the very end, once only and for her, it achieves pathos. His portrait of Stella is their married monument. For reading it, who can disentwine her image from that of the mighty mourner who sits writing of her, recalling the bright child, the beautiful black-haired girl, recalling her girlish triumphs and the "glorious unhappy days" of his own youth—conscious all the while of the worn gray-haired woman lying, hardly yet cold, close by, in the well-known house. When he drops the pen because his "head aches" we know it is with weeping or with the ache of unshed tears. When he takes it up again, we perceive yet more vividly the sick, ageing, solitary Titan, removed from his bed-chamber, that he may not see the glare of the funeral torches in St. Patrick's, where, while he writes, they are laying in her grave all that remains of Stella—the woman who, whether wife or not, has lived so near his heart for forty years.

Margaret L. Woods.

THE PROMISE OF ARDEN.

CHAPTER VII.

My sister Octavia had no doubt at all as to what was to be done about the boys' schooling. Had I any doubt? she asked me, and I asked her back what was the school she had selected as worthy to be connected with the education of Richard Warden, aged four, and Henry Warden, aged two.

"Of course," she said. "I'm glad you understand what I meant. You can't be too early in thinking about these things. It's all arranged for Richard and Henry—has been for years." Richard, I was generally given to understand, was naturally so clever that it was almost dangerous to attempt to teach him anything: Henry, although exceptionally intelligent, had not yet reached the plane of avowed genius: she chiefly blessed Henry's heart.

"Richard is to go when he is nine," she told me. "and Henry, probably, when he is eight, though I'm not quite sure about Henry; he is rather young to make plans about for certain. Bless his heart! Yes: I've been all over the school and I know the headmaster; the school stands high up on the Downs and the boys get sun and sea-air the whole year round. And if anything could fit in even better than what I've arranged, it would be for your two boys to go there first and try and see whether the place is as good as I think it is. But I'm sure it is."

I asked whether Latin was needed for entrance.

"They hate you to teach it to them. They say they only have to unteach it all over again. Now, your Miss Lovejoy—does she—"

"No," I said, "I think they'd have to unteach most of it."

"Then that settles it. The boys can

go in September, and we can find out if I'm right about Richard and Henry. But I'm sure I am." Octavia always was sure she was.

And so one Saturday late in April I found myself once more walking up from Willowbourne Station to the Grange. For a fortnight I had been kept in London: reading-rooms have inconvenient rules which forbid the taking of ancient texts to be compared at home, and editors have uncomfortable habits of demanding that promised manuscripts shall reach them by appointed times. But before I took the train that morning at Paddington I had sent off my last proof, and in posting it had gained that sudden sense of freedom which belongs for journalists to the pillar-box and is at once the spur and the stigma of a journalist's calling; and as I leaned back in the corner of my empty railway-carriage I could look idly at the newness and freshness of the country in the spring sunshine, and wonder, with the air blowing about me, how many of the familiar signs of returning summer I should get from my journey in the train. Where should I see the first swallows of the year? There they were, at the bridge over the river, darting above the steel-blue water as I first saw them last year in that very place—a stretch of river which shares with a headland running out over a western estuary my memories of the earliest swallows of all. The same place and the same April day—how surely a single swallow makes the summer! The chaff-tumbling among the willow-buds; the first white butterfly slanting over the garden-fence, holly blues dancing down the lit leaves of ivy—those begin the promise of summer as the blackbird in February prom-

ises spring; but it is the promise, not the acceptance and the gift and the knowledge of summer. Those belong to the open blue, the wide fields, the shining sun of April; to blue sky torn by west winds out of cloud, and there in the blue, under the white clouds, the sudden flash of the angled wings, the forked tail, the turn and the twitter of the swallow above the river water. And there, this year again as I saw them last year, were the swallows by the bridge, and all the length of my railway journey that day I sat looking out over the fields for another sight of them, and hoping, too, for what I was very unlikely to get, the sounds as well as the sights of spring in at the open window. But you are deaf looking out of a train window: the country slides by, hills and hedges and fields and flowers, a spreading and gracious panorama of new green and blue and sunshine, but very silent. The rumble of steel is the dominant noise; beyond the window the bright, dumb show passes.

I had not been able to settle my train for certain, and so I had told the children merely that I would try to arrive early, but that they were not to meet the train; there were occasional difficulties with the station-master when Allen met trains. So I was alone when I left the station and walked out with the noise of engines and the smoke of travel still about me into the blowing April air. And there, at the corner of the field where the path took its way across the plough, with the springing green of corn on each side of me, and the song of larks in the air and the bleating of lambs from the fold beyond the hedge, I knew the difference that the last fortnight of sun and rain had brought to all that broad southern country. The hawthorn of the hedgerows had shot from brown pointed and tipped with green into full leaf; the brush-

wood below the elms had thickened to make a screen. Primroses were clustered where ones and twos had set eyes among sodden bracken: cowslips stood high from the ditch-bank, the short turf at the edge of the furrow glowed with violets fronting to the sun. And I stood at the beginning of the path and waited and listened, looking out beyond the plough.

Does any morning of the year hold any pleasure of hope keener than the morning when a man stands first in deep country, with the memory of a great city miles behind him, to wait and listen as I did then? The wind blew from the west with the smell of earth and rain in it; rain slanted gray and sharp beyond the flank of shining hills; dark and light drove over the green corn; great deeps of azure were above me, the sun burst over the field, and from the wood down the wind the cuckoo called and called again. The green corn clouded, the sun broke after the cloud, the wind came with a buffet; the pipes and the tabors of the year were round me with the cuckoo calling in that wood; and so I went in the pulse and the life of it all down the path across the plough. The train had brought me to Willowbourne by noon, so that I had an hour and a half to walk by the field-path across to Arden. I had not walked that way since the day when I first set out for the "Feathers," and I believe it was not until I came in sight again of the wayside inn with the gilt on its sign—the "Goat in Golden Boots"—that I thought again of my strange companion of the railway journey, the yellow-bearded man with the pointed ears and the china-blue eyes. What had he meant by his surly answers and his insistent riddling? What puzzle was he setting for his village friends with his absurd orders for beer which he did not drink? He was crazy, I guessed idly:

and then when I thought about it and remembered his eyes, I knew he was not crazy. Why should I not ask about him at the inn? I half decided to try, and then remembered that I did not know his name and that nobody knew me.

So I turned down the road which runs from the "Goat in Golden Boots" to Arden St. Mary, and from Arden St. Mary and its white-washed, deep-thatched cottages came down to the church. And there, at the corner of the road by the church, at the gate of a tiny cottage, stood a familiar figure. Peggy, in her black frock and with her brown hair blowing round her shoulders, had her hand on the latch of the gate; on her arm she carried a basket covered in with white paper. Czar, the big Russian deerhound, was with her, and Czar, recognizing an acquaintance, bounded up and placed enormous paws on my sleeve. He paid many compliments with mud.

"Does Czar help you carry parcels?" I asked Peggy.

"I shouldn't like to give him this one," laughed Peggy. "Nor would old Risbridger like it. Czar knows he ate Risbridger's dinner once before—didn't you, you bad dog?" Czar curled a long tongue and gazed steadfastly.

"And is that Risbridger's dinner?"

"It's some jelly. Risbridger was once Mr. Grey's estate carpenter—Mr. Grey's our neighbor at Parson's Hanger, you know—but he can't do much now; he's eighty-two, I think. He's been here for nearly sixty years. That's his son, the shepherd out in the field there." Peggy waved towards a slope of grass beyond a straw-thatched steading, where a brown figure stooped over hurdles. The cottage door opened, and an old man stood in the doorway. Eighty years old, I had just been told he was, and from his

clear blue eyes you would not have guessed him more than sixty; then you caught sight of his bent and twisted knees, and you knew something of the south-country winter and the mist and wind blowing over the downs from the Channel. A white fringe edged the stubble on his chin, and under the fringe a chequered flannel scarf was folded.

"Here's Czar come to say good morning to you, Risbridger," said Peggy at the gate, her hand on the dog's nose. "No, Czar, you must stay outside." The old man stepped slowly with his stick from the white stone at the door to the brick path.

"Ah! and I dessay he would say good mornin', too. Tarrible long grip he's got; I don't know that ever I see such a grip in a dog. There—I wish I had a grip like that. Shouldn't trouble about what t'eat then."

He stood aside as Peggy came up the path.

"Now, don't you go standing about in the cold, Risbridger," said Peggy, shaking her finger at him. "I know what you do; you stand out here in the wind and rain, and with your rheumatism, too—I never knew anybody like you. Look, I've brought you some jelly; it's gravy jelly and you must warm it—you know how, don't you? I showed you, didn't I? Or your daughter-in-law can do it for you; she came back from the hospital yesterday, didn't she?"

"She did, Miss Grace, and I do thank you. 'Tis such a dinner as never I do have, 'cept when you brings it. My daughter-in-law, she've said to me, 'Miss Grace she do spoil anybody for anybody else, she do.' My daughter-in-law, she don't spoil me," he chuckled.

"Where is she?" asked Peggy. "I want to know how she is."

"She'll be down at the village, Miss Grace. She did say she'd be back be-

fore now. But there—she'll have a lot to talk over, just come home, and all to tell about the hospital—ah! and she do talk, too," reflected Risbridger.

"Then I know where she'll be," said Peggy. "Sarah Rapley."

"Ah!" chuckled Risbridger.

Czar, at a word, bounded down the road. And there, as we turned the corner and came into the village, was my yellow-bearded man of the railway-carriage in front of us.

I think he would have tried to avoid us, for he looked hurriedly right and left; but there was no way of escape and he came straight on. He looked immediately in front of him; when he came nearly level with us his eyes turned and his hand went to the salute; then we passed.

"Good morning, Jeffcoat," nodded Peggy.

"And who in the world is Jeffcoat?" I asked as he retreated.

"He is rather peculiar, isn't he? He—well, he was once a soldier, but he got into some sort of trouble. And he's a very good workman, but he used to be always getting tipsy. And then one day he came to me and said that he thought he would do better if he only had something to do in the evenings, because he couldn't read or anything. So—well, I taught him to read."

So that was the reason.

"But have you seen him before?" asked Peggy.

I told her.

"So he really went all the way up to London! I didn't know that. But isn't it extraordinary?"

"Isn't what?"

"How a fine strong man can be so grateful for such a very little," mused Peggy.

We came where we thought to find Mrs. Risbridger. But Mrs. Risbridger was not with Sarah Rapley. Sarah Rapley was alone. She was a

thin, worn little person with neatly brushed hair of no particular color, tired gray eyes, and an air of mixed resignation and distrust. She kept a small shop, with her name, S. Rapley, painted over the door; the painter had seemingly forgotten the *s* at first, and put it in afterwards in a smaller size to fit. The wares in her window appeared to be mostly sugar-sticks in glass jars; brooms stood in a corner and candles hung in bunches from the ceiling. When she came in from her back parlor to the counter, her eyes lit as she saw Peggy; then she caught sight of me in the doorway behind, and distrust settled on her again. Sarah Rapley, you guessed, looked the whole world in the face and knew all the men for rogues.

Mrs. Risbridger? She had only left ten minutes ago. She had gone down the road. She had gone to find—here, with a suspicious glance at me, the voice dropped: she was apparently reassured, and began a story of which the increasing interest soon allowed her to disregard my presence altogether.

"Yes, Miss Grace. She said she would go, because Daisy Goodyer being her niece, she wouldn't have it said she hadn't done what *she* could. . . . Well, it was this way. Daisy she come in last Saturday morning, and says would I kindly step across to her mother for a minute, because Jenny, that's her cousin, she couldn't look in to wash the baby that morning. . . . Well, I says to Daisy, 'Now you mind the shop a minute'; you see, I'd locked the till as I always do, and she'd only got to give me a call if anybody come; so I went across to Mrs. Goodyer, not thinking nothing, and I told Mrs. Goodyer I couldn't wash the baby for her but I'd find someone who could. . . . and when I got back to the shop Daisy told me nobody hadn't been in, so *she*

couldn't say it was anyone else afterwards, she couldn't . . . and then it wasn't till the afternoon I went to look for a sixpence that I'd saved for old Tommy when he came out of the House . . . well, I'd put it on the mantelpiece in there under the candlestick, because I always do put what I want to know where it is under the candlestick, or else under the lamb on the other side . . . well, it wasn't under the candlestick nor yet under the lamb, so then I thought . . . well, you see, there hadn't nobody been in there but Daisy, because I didn't put the sixpence there not till the morning, and nobody didn't come in after Daisy; so I sent her brother to tell her I wanted to see her, but I didn't say what for, not until she come—well, she didn't come not then, but on Sunday when she went to church she couldn't help meeting me, and she says straight out, 'No, I'm sure I didn't, Mrs. Rapley,' almost before I ask her anything; so I know what *she* was thinking about."

Mrs. Rapley took breath.

"No," she went on. "No, I didn't say nothing more. There wasn't no more to say. But I'll show you what I've done, Miss Grace, so as if she goes to look again some day to see if there's something under the lamb or the candlestick, she'll know that I know that she did take it . . . there, that's what I've written, and put the paper under the candlestick, 'Be sure your sin will find you out'; and that's what I've put under the lamb, 'Daisy Goodyer, Be ware, for you have stole old Tommy's 6d.'—that's what I put, and if she sees that she'll know I know. But there, I do think it dreadful, Miss Grace, and Daisy twelve years old, nearly a woman's age, as I was saying to her the other day, for to do a thing like that. Well, I told Mrs. Risbridger, and she went off to see her at once, she did. But

there—Daisy *she* won't take no notice of what she says. Now if you was to say a word to her, Miss Grace—Because to take anybody's sixpence——"

"Oh, dear!" said Peggy. "Last time it was only a sugar-stick."

We stood for a moment outside the little shop. Mrs. Risbridger, whether or not she had discovered the delinquent Daisy, was not in sight. Czar curvetted at the turn of the road.

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that Mrs. Risbridger went to see Sarah Rapley because she wanted to talk?"

Peggy laughed, and a woman with a baby on her arm in one of the cottage-gardens looked up and nodded laughing at the baby.

"Why," she said, "that's one of the village jokes. When Mrs. Risbridger's there, Sarah Rapley has to listen."

"It seems a good deal for Daisy to have to bear for sixpence," I reflected.

CHAPTER VIII.

The evenings at the Grange went in the simplest way in the world. It was a much simpler way, indeed, than Peggy as mistress of the house had meant it to be to begin with; for the first night I spent at the Grange she had ordered me a full dinner of five courses, which were duly placed in turn before me by the little wizened apple-cheeked woman who had first opened the Grange door to me. Hannah was her name, I learnt from Peggy, and she was not one of those who readily accept a change in the order of things. Here she was waiting on me with the same deftness and silence with which, I imagined, she must have waited on Peggy's father; but there was somewhere, with all her deference, the slightest possible note of protest.

My chair had been placed at the end of the dining-room table, and Peggy, in a dark-gray frock with a

black sash, seated herself at the side. Half an hour before she had been romping with tumbled hair on the floor with the other children, and perhaps it was when I caught sight of her changed frock that I first felt the note of protest in the bearing of Hannah. Then I noticed in front of me a menu card, all in Peggy's spiky writing, French and English mixed. And then, when we came to dinner 'itself, Peggy would take nothing till we reached the chicken (it was *poulet roti* on the menu), and I began to realize something of the extra trouble that had been spent on me.

"But, Peggy," I said, "I can't have you do all this. You don't have dinner down here every day, do you?"

"I used to," said Peggy.

"But you mustn't upset everything for me. You mustn't order elaborate dinners, and write out a menu and spend your time arranging flowers for the table, and things of that kind."

"Isn't it what you like?" asked Peggy.

"But it's too much. It never occurred to me you would think of all these things."

She looked at me with puzzled eyes. "I thought all men liked a great deal of trouble taken with their dinners," she said. And she looked at me still with knitted brows when I told her that what I wanted was not dinner but plain supper; supper with her, if I might have it, and at her own time, and with nothing more for her to think about.

"But that wouldn't be enough for a man, surely?" doubted Peggy; and when she bade me good-night she went to Mrs. Drury to get advice on the subject. Mrs. Drury told me next day.

"Aren't men different?" she says to me. 'No, my dear, they're not different,' I told her. 'Some of them's younger than the others,' I says to

her. 'Now, him,' I says, meaning you, 'you let him have what he wants, and he'll be no trouble,' I says. 'That's where he's the same as the others,' I told her. Now she, of course, what *she* think you'd like would be a nice little dinner same as her father used to have, and I used to help her choose for him, knowing what he liked. So that was what she'd got for you last night, and wrote it all out on the card from the book, and got the silver out on the table and I don't know what all. 'But there,' I says to her, 'if it's plain supper he asks for and not dinner, why then let him have it.' I says, 'I'll see there's plenty,' I told her. Ah! and I know," commented Mrs. Drury. "I've seen enough of her poor father's friends to know what they are. Writing and reading in papers and dictionaries, poring over them books and libraries, they're the kind you never don't know what they do want. And so I told her. 'Ah! then, Nannie,' she says to me quick, 'they *are* different?' 'Ah, well, my dear,' I says, 'they're not so different as you think they are.'"

So it was settled, and in the evening when the boys had gone to bed, Peggy and I used to have supper together at seven o'clock, and when she went to bed at nine, I sat down to write or wandered round the walls of the library. And so it happened on the evening of the day when I first made the acquaintance of the village shop and Sarah Rapley. It was a little before ten o'clock, and I sat in the library with a pile of books at my elbow. One of my friend Sargesson's unexpected hobbies had been the collecting of old and rare books on angling, and there I sat by the reading lamp divided between the fascination of the "*Bibliotheca Piscatoria*" and half a dozen of the books described in it—"Barker's Delight," "Certaine Experiments concerning

Fish and Fruite practised by John Taverner," the "Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line," and others, but "Barker's Delight" in particular. And I remember that I had just been reading over again the preface, with its concluding desire for fishermen that they may "go dry in their boots and shooes in angling," when I became vaguely conscious that the quiet of the night was disturbed. The house, instead of being asleep, was astir. Steps moved quickly on the floor above me; then a door was opened and shut; then another door.

I went to the foot of the stairs, then to the landing above, which joined the passages leading to the wings of the house. And there as I stood on the landing I saw Peggy flying barefoot down the passage to the lighted nursery at the end. A moment more and she came flying out again, and caught sight of me as she turned down another passage. She called to me from the corner, and I followed, to find her kneeling by a water tap with a large can and running the water through her fingers.

"It's John," she told me—"John with croup. This water's not hot enough."

"I'll be quick," I said, and picked up another can. In the kitchen I found a kettle simmering, filled the can, and was back again. In an inner room beyond the nursery I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Drury at the side of a cot; Peggy knelt before the nursery fire picking coal out of the box with her fingers. She looked up at me.

"Oh, could you—would you—do you think you would mind going over to the stables to James to tell him we want the doctor? There's a telephone at the Rectory; he knows."

"He wouldn't be as quick as I can be." I was off. Peggy called me back. "The doctor's name!" She told me, and I repeated it as I ran down

the drive. "Not Dr. Porteous; he's away. His partner, Dr. Britten." She had scribbled the name for me on a scrap of paper. The child forgot nothing. As I ran the vision remained with me of the slight, kneeling figure, the upturned face with straight brows and dark eyes, the black plait of hair tossed back, the coal-dust on her fingers, the smudged piece of paper she had scribbled on her knee. Could an older head have planned more completely? I—well, for my part, I had forgotten to ask the doctor's name.

When I came to the Rectory I was at first dismayed; there were no lights in the windows. I rang the bell, and after a little there was the sound of the catch of a swing door, the hall lit up, bolts were drawn back, and the door opened wide. Then, to my astonishment, it suddenly shut back again, and I was aware of a suspicious face regarding me through the narrowest opening possible. It occurred to me then that I must cut a pretty disreputable figure, being out of breath from running and splashed with mud. Then, when I explained, it was explained back to me that the Rector and Mrs. Band were out at dinner and that my ring at the bell had been taken for their return. Miss Grace had asked me to telephone for the doctor? I was taken to the telephone at once, and within a minute had heard from Dr. Britten—my finger-marked paper reminded me of the name—that he would start in his car at once. I left a note for Mrs. Band, to thank her (for being out, if I had written all I thought) and set off to the Grange again. And it was as I walked in at the drive that I heard the horn of the doctor's car at a turning on the Deerford road, perhaps half a mile away. The car slid up to the porch steps as I opened the door.

When the doctor came down from the nursery some twenty minutes later, he glanced at my mud splashes.

"You needn't have run," he said.

"I'm sorry for dragging you out," I told him.

"Oh, that's nothing. As a matter of fact I had the car at the door—just come in from a case—when you rang me up. But I wasn't needed."

"Isn't it often dangerous?"

"Very often. And so it was this time. It was evidently a bad go. But there was nothing for me to do, or order to be done, or think of. It was all done."

"The old nurse knows, of course."

"It was the child—the sister. She's—But you've seen more of her than I have. The only thing she won't do is to make a good patient. I've packed her off to bed and told her to stay there till I come again to-morrow. But she won't, you know."

"You should exert the authority of a doctor."

He laughed. "Suppose you were to try. I know what my authority is. Anything I tell her to do for somebody else, she'll do, and never make a mistake. Something for herself—that's different. She looks at me—you know the way she looks—and says she understands. Does it to soothe me, I think. I get angry with her. Well," said Dr. Britten, picking up a huge fur glove, "you'll see what happens to-morrow. I've told her she's caught her death of cold. You'll find her up at seven making gruel for the baby."

So I did find her, if not at seven, at eight.

"Look here, Peggy," I said. "I've something to say to you."

She met that at once, as I knew she would. "I couldn't thank you last night for doing all you did," she said. "I don't know what we should have done if you hadn't been here. You

were so quick. Why, the doctor was here before you got back."

"That's not what I've come to talk about. I'm very angry with you."

"Oh?" questioned Peggy, without looking up.

"Yes. And I've made up my mind what I'm going to do."

Peggy stirred the gruel.

"And what you're going to do."

She glanced at me for the flash of a second, and took the spoon out of the gruel.

"Suppose I told you you were to go back to bed?"

"I shouldn't go," she said, and laughed. But she would not look at me. "Why should I go?" she asked, after a little.

"Because the doctor told you to."

Peggy looked straight at me, and I knew how she had looked at the doctor.

"Dr. Britten told me I had caught my death of cold, and I haven't. He knew I hadn't."

"He told you to stay in bed because he knew you would be tired. And you are tired."

The night had written its shadows under her eyes. "I'm not tired," said Peggy.

"Doctors know."

"Dr. Britten always tells you to do things that aren't necessary. He thinks he can do anything because he's so big. He bullies."

"Then I'm a bully."

"I'm *not* tired," persisted Peggy. "How do you know?"

"Now look here, Peggy," I said. "You're a very valuable person. You're much the most valuable person in this house. I don't know what Murray and Allen and Anne and the baby would do without you. And your father told me to look after you, and I'm going to. So although I see you're dressed to go to church, you're not going. I shall take the boys to

The Promise of Arden.

church, and you will stay at home. I'm not going to tell you to go to bed, because you've told me you wouldn't. But I do say you're going to stay at home. And you say so too, don't you?"

Peggy said nothing.

"Well, I won't ask any more," I said.

"I'll stay," said Peggy.

Murray and Allen, returning from church, were in the highest spirits.

"You know," said Murray, "I always think coming back from church is one of the nicest times in the week. Because you feel the real part of Sunday is over."

"The real part?" I asked.

"Well, I mean the sort of inside part of Sunday. Before church, it seems such an enormous time. When it gets to about ten o'clock, you really wonder when ever it will come to half-past, when it's time to start. You can't do anything, of course, because you're dressed and have to keep still. And then there's the walk to church, and you have to carry books and gloves, and your handkerchief isn't unfolded, and your boots aren't dusty, and you walk as slow as slow. And then there's coming to the church, and waiting for it to begin; and then you've got all that time kneeling not even begun, with all the *We-beseeches*, and then at last it gets to the sermon; and when at last after that the clergyman turns round to the wall with that sort of murmur—well, I really feel as if I should explode, you know."

"You did explode."

"Well, don't you know what it feels like? And then after church you can come out, and the air's all different, and you go slowly to the gate because of the people, but then when you get to the gate you can laugh, and you can talk about the hymns and——"

"We had that one of Mrs. Band's today—that very one, we did," interrupted Allen. "Mrs. Band's favorite."

"Which was that one?"

"Why, the one about the seaside. That place with a name."

"A hymn about the seaside?"

"Trullijerusalem, of course," said Allen.

"Truly Jerusalem name we that shore—that's the line he means," explained Murray. "Allen will have it that it's the name of a seaside place."

"It says so," said Allen. "And—well, I can't see how anybody can live there. I don't see why they don't all go away."

"Who?"

"The people. Because to live in a place where it's always Sunday, and it never stops, except quite early in the morning when no one's awake—well!" commented Allen. "I'd simply never go there."

"But what does he mean?"

"He always gets that line wrong, or at least part of it. 'There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er'—that's how it goes really, you know. Only how Allen says it is, 'Their dawn's no Sabbath'—that's it isn't Sunday in the early morning, you see. And then of course it really does say that no Sabbath is o'er. So that's why he says he hates that place."

"Yes, and Mrs. Band just says it's her favorite hymn. Oh, I say, I am so hungry," observed Allen suddenly.

"And what do you think about the hymn?" I asked Murray.

"I like the tune very much," said Murray.

When we came in sight of the house the doctor's car was standing at the door. In the hall were the doctor's cap and gloves, and at the drawing-room door, which was half open, stood the doctor. He beckoned to us, holding up a bottle. At the door he pointed into the room.

On the sofa, curled up among cushions, Peggy was asleep. Two shoes, one with its heel uppermost, lay at the foot of the sofa; a book with sprawling leaves lay on the floor.

"I've just been altering the label on this bottle," whispered Dr. Britten. "It was 'To be taken at bed-time.' I've made it into 'To be taken at

once.' Now I'm going to put it on a chair by her side."

But a board creaked as he moved across the room. Peggy stirred suddenly, kicked off a cushion and sat upright, staring at us with her hands in her hair.

"Oh, whatever is the time?" cried Peggy.

(*To be continued.*)

Eric Parker.

IS TRAVEL WORTH WHILE?

"Ay, now I am in Arden, the more fool I. When I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content. . . ."

In the intervals of planning a modest winter tour of East Equatorial Africa, embracing the greater part of the Nile from Lake Victoria to Cairo, I have been reading the peaceful life of Fabre, the grand old man of Provence, whom someone has called the "Virgil of the insects," and the reluctance with which, at rare intervals, he could be induced to leave his native air, losing sight of the olive trees and sound of the cigale, confronted my restless spirit with the question of whether the game of travel was worth the candle. So much depends on temperament and circumstances that this can never be an easy question to answer. Incidentally, it must always be a rather foolish one. The *Wanderlust* is no deliberate mood, but as much an accident of birth as an ear for music or an eye for color, yet no one would ask whether these also are worth loving. Considered apart from its ulterior objects, such as inspired at once the missionaries and conquistadores of old Spain, or from the fetish of fashion or the quest of health in kinder climates than our own, the passion for travel is best classed among the higher forms assumed by that protean quality known as cur-

osity, which may be either a vice, as it was in Lot's wife, or a virtue, as it is in all who labor in the cause of scientific research. The curiosity to see this world, our heritage, is a colorless compromise between the two. It may do no good, but it should, at least, do no harm. Some men and women are quite free from it. They have no ambition to climb just one more ridge, no desire to turn just one more corner. Like Fabre himself, they are content to live their lives within sight of their birthplace, their first and last journey being to the village churchyard, though, unlike him, the majority of them cannot claim to have devoted the years that were thrown to the locusts in patient and passionate study of a living underworld, or to have revealed the romance of that underworld to millions of unimaginative folk who would, but for his labors, have remained in ignorance of its manifold beauty.

In a negative fashion, no doubt, the question of whether travel is worth its cost is easier to answer. Home and the home life are undoubtedly more comfortable than the storm and stress of wandering, but comfort can hardly be seriously regarded as the ultimate end and aim of our existence. There is, however, one rule affecting the issue which is golden, and that is the need of enjoying travel, like some other

open-air accomplishments, early in life. Otherwise, it is almost sure to bring disillusion. Mention of Jean-Henri Fabre recalls a respected neighbor of mine in the West Country who, having lived to threescore and ten years in the quiet contentment of a country squire, performing his uneventful duties on the Commission of the Peace, shooting with his neighbors, and generally enjoying a restful life in a shire not usually associated with undue exertion, suddenly conceived the disastrous project of going alone around the world. Not without misgivings as to the sequel, I gave him the best advice I could, with the result that his tour embraced some of the most magnificent scenery in the Rocky Mountains. Yet, when we met, a little after his return, he vowed that he had seen nothing to equal the view commanded by his own windows, which happen to give on a very homely type of Devonshire landscape. There was something enviable in the almost feline attachment of my friend to his own acres, and I lacked the courage to tell him that the real cause of his disappointment was that the grander perspectives of lake and mountain must needs fail to impress eyes focussed for half a century on a tidal estuary bound up with all his fondest memories of home.

For those in whose blood is the love of travel for its own sake, the call of the Red Gods is ineffective only when it finds them in broken health or with empty pockets. Those obey it most readily who fret against what Kinglake called the Chiffney-bit of the conventions.

"Are you sick o' towns and men?
You must sign and sail again. . . ."

There is no other remedy for disgust with the social round of cities, and so chronic is the unrest bred in these malcontents that no sooner have they stored the memories of one journey

than they are impatient to make ready for the next. These travellers of the true faith are, no doubt, derided by their more contented neighbors as rolling stones that gather no moss. Their one idea is to have done with the hollow shams of civilization and to go back, if only for a little, to the healing wilderness and cleansing sea. They weary of streets and squares; they fret against bolts and bars. Unfortunately, their affections are unstable. Hungry for the tent life, they go out into the wilderness full of high resolve. Then, their passion for change gratified, they hark back to the comfortable restraint of cities. At such moments it is that the haunting memory of the club window and the shady side of Pall Mall and "all that ever went in evening dress. . . ."

brings a bitter taste, with the sting of regret that they could ever have been so ill-advised as to give up the sweets of civilization for the dreary sameness of life under the palms or pines.

The plain truth is that travel is not all one grand, sweet song. Only those who perforce stay at home, unable to gratify their ambition for change of scene, cherish so curious an illusion. The traveller himself knows better. He knows that there are stones in his path and clouds in his sky. He knows that the real tent life is far from the ideal. In theory, it is a fine thing to be free from rent, rates and taxes, and this liberty is enhanced by the prospect of impromptu meals and unexpected visits from friendly natives and interesting wild creatures. In practice, the meals are mainly garbage, conjured by unskilled cooks out of impossible material; the friendly natives prove filthy thieves; and the interesting wild creature may be either a hungry lion or a blundering rhinoceros, either of which may be relied on to

wreck a camp in less than a minute. If the tent is pitched near water, it will be a rendezvous of mosquitoes. If on dry ground, there may be snakes or scorpions in the bedding. I am not ungrateful to the memory of happy hours under canvas in East and West; but it is best to correct the popular fallacy that camping in tropical countries is always a picnic, and to emphasize the daily, almost hourly, need of philosophic adaptiveness to an environment fertile of discomfort.

Notwithstanding the drawbacks, however, he who has the fever in his bones must travel at times as surely as the birds fly north in spring and south again in autumn. He is the not unhappy victim of a microbe which, though it remain invisible to the highest power of microscope and be incapable of cultivation in the laboratory, works in his blood like any trypanosome. His is a real love of the road for its own sake, unstained by hankering after notoriety or by the greed of seeing the show places of earth. He may find his eye's delight amid the eternal snows, or he may revel in the night watches at sea. The mere effort of travel finds him willing, but does not of itself satisfy his desires. Tyndall, when in the Alps, confessed that climbing alone could not have filled those "strong and joyous hours," but he found rare pleasure in the critical study of natural phenomena at high altitudes, and so drew greater measure of satisfaction from his climbs than comes to the merely muscular mountaineer with an eye to records for the next issue of the *Alpine Journal*. This is legitimate harvest of travel, but the contemplation of such natural or architectural curiosities as form the subjects of picture post-cards—the Taj, the Pyramids, the Niagara Falls—is among the meanest of its ambitions, and it is questionable whether any of these objects that have attained

to world-wide popularity can of itself be worth the travelling to. In short, the Red Gods call to the traveller, not to the sightseer. The way is greater than the goal, and the hurrying globe-trotter is not of the elect. I doubt, indeed, whether the enterprising American, who lately circled the world in five weeks, is, in the best sense of the word, a traveller at all. His manner suggested a compromise between a comet and an acrobat, and such a race with time would be most excusable in a felon fleeing from justice.

His countrymen are not, in fact, the best of travellers, though they are usually the most expensive. They lack the art of it; are too punctual and too precise. They measure the value of the voyage by the price of their state-room. They make a business of what should be pure pleasure, playing as they work, like machines, and knowing nothing of the blessed compensations of occasionally missing a boat or losing a train. They move by time schedule, and take their meals after the fashion of their own grain elevators. To this national rule John Burroughs is a blessed exception, owning the road, whereas the road owns most of his countrymen. When it comes to camping; they play at life in the wilderness on a scale that takes no account of the cost. I remember them in the Yosemite riding safe horses in Indian trappings and sitting round the camp fire of an evening before retiring to rest in roomy tents fitted with hot water and electric light. They dress the part, too, in chaparajos, cowboy hats, and revolvers, a heavy disguise which the national temperament enables them to take seriously, but which an Englishman's horror of ridicule would ban as too farcical for anything but amateur theatricals.

The period at which the love of travel for its own sake first attracted civilized nations is not easy to de-

termine, and the historians of social evolution do not help us very far in the search. Such recreation can obviously not have appealed to savages, since these, having once given up the nomadic life, would settle on the land and have no further inducement to roam, save for purposes of warfare or the chase. Nor does the Bible afford any satisfactory evidence of travel without ulterior object, since even the Queen of Sheba, one of the few characters in the Sacred Writings who travelled otherwise than under compulsion, was inspired by the curiosity to question Solomon. Once the Israelites emerged from the wilderness they seem to have travelled very little for any purpose whatsoever, and for pleasure not at all; and, indeed, if the roads leading through the badly-watered region of Palestine were no better than we see them to-day, those who stayed in Jerusalem were well advised, since travel must at best have been a penance such as no one would face unless he had to undertake some religious pilgrimage, to pay tribute to his overlord, or to trade in sheep or horses. Short, indeed, of devising such subterfuge as must have shorn the tour of all enjoyment, the rigor of the Sabbatical law must always have debarred the Jews from making long journeys, though they appear to have been familiar with the machinery of modern travel in the Holy Land, including passports, dragomans, inns, and passenger boats. Nevertheless, there is, even in the more modern records of the New Testament, no considerable evidence of anything corresponding with our notions of tourist travel.

The truth is that the tourist who, travelling solely for his own pleasure, obeys impulses distinct from those which inspire the trader or the missionary, will not, as a rule, commit himself to the unknown without some guarantee of security; and it can be no ex-

aggeration to say that travel is both safer and more comfortable in Central Africa to-day than it could have been in Britain during the reign of Elizabeth. So unsafe were the roads in mediæval Europe that inland travel was possible only to such armed bands as periodically made the pilgrimage to Assisi, Canterbury, or Compostella, the devout of all classes opposing a formidable front to gentlemen of the road; or, at the other extreme, to the solitary lack-linen pilgrim who could afford to be equally indifferent to attack by footpads. The once famous Grand Tour, a costly and fashionable itinerary of foreign capitals, was less a genuine gratification of the *Wanderlust* than a modish interlude of comfortable travel which the custom of the day prescribed as the correct probation for young men of family before entering into politics or diplomacy. It would be ungrateful to deny that we owe to this hothouse form of travel more than one delightful volume of memories from such keen observers as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Disraeli, and their contemporaries; but there is no need to take the Grand Tour too seriously. Its atmosphere was artificial. It was merely an educational extension of the public school and university. The immediate result was all-important, whereas to the real traveller it means less than nothing.

If the advantages and drawbacks of foreign travel be canvassed in any company, there will as a rule be few waverers, since neither side gives quarter; but public opinion fights in one of two camps, the one under the banner of the citizen of the world, the other rallying round the parish pump. As in some other controversies, both sides show culpable lack of logic or moderation. The so-called patriotism of some who condemn the very natural desire to see other lands rarely bears the test of investigation. Some of those

who cling so closely to their native land that it seems impossible to sunder them have, it is found, as little solid connection with the soil for which they profess such devotion as the equally inseparable Magdeburg Spheres of our schooldays' laboratory memories with each other. Both parties are to blame. The stay-at-home critic of travel makes out a wretchedly poor case when he insists that the sight of other countries makes Englishmen despise their own. So, also, the habitual wanderer is no less to blame for his superior contempt of the "little good men who stay at home." It takes all sorts to make a nation. Some who have looked on the outposts find irresistible fascination in the larger stage on which the Empire is fulfilling its destiny, but there is parochial work to be done also, work that can, for aught I know, be performed as efficiently by those whose eyes have never looked beyond the village inn.

Quite apart, then, from the question of whether travel is worth while for the individual, we find in statesmen of the Elizabethan Age more than a passing doubt whether it should be encouraged in the subject. Not only did Secretaries of State realize the possibility of the restless habit of life unfitting wealthy young men for their quieter and less attractive duties at home, but they may even have feared that agreeable intercourse with other nations would in time breed a distaste for those wars without which the England of those days could not hold her place in the sun.

Fortunately, world politics have changed for the better. Our foreign affairs are nowadays conducted in a spirit of optimism which not merely permits, but actively endorses, such rapprochement, so that these obstacles, which the authorities formerly put in the way of Englishmen with a taste for seeing the world, are now no more

than a memory of the Dark Ages. Members of Parliament, municipal bodies, even schoolboys, are widely encouraged to see other countries. We have arrived at a general recognition of the manner in which travel erases the frontiers between nations and promotes world-brotherhood. But first, of its effect on individual character.

Nothing has ever been said more emphatically in its favor than what Macaulay said of it.

"What," asks Dr. Johnson, "does a man learn by travelling?"

To which Macaulay makes reply: "The real use of travelling . . . is to keep men from being what Dawson was in fiction and Samuel Johnson in reality."

Dawson, it may be remarked, was an ultra-insular English footman in a novel called *Zeluco* and written by one Dr. Moore, who has not achieved immortality, though he was known to his contemporaries as a Continental traveller of some experience and a critic of contemporary manners in many lands. Dawson was in the habit of condemning foreign institutions as bitterly as Johnson himself, though with less erudition. What travel does is to rub the edges off islanders and to open their eyes to a saner perspective, so that when they go among their neighbors they need not only follow their prejudices by seeing evil in the best, but may also reap the benefit of intercourse and see good in the worst. Travel teaches other lessons, and its school is a pleasant one. The gallant Prince Imperial once wrote to a friend that "he who wants to learn by travel must go far." Yet, in point of fact, many of the most valuable lessons of travel may be learnt near home, and a man might garner more human experience of the road in Provence than in Patagonia. It teaches tolerance, charity, resourcefulness, and tact, virtues which, though not always lacking in

untravellers folk, are more often than not acquired on the long trail. Its lessons are not set out in the text-books. It intimates standpoints that lie outside the crabbed outlook of the stay-at-home. It imparts a wider knowledge than that comprised in the curriculum of "music and the use of the globes, and French and all the usual accomplishments."

What it assuredly does not teach a man is contempt for his own country. Coryat tramped over the half of Europe, and Marco Polo over great part of Asia, yet the one returned from his first journey to his Somerset home as fond of it as he had been before nearly two thousand miles of "leg-stretching" had shown him other homes, and the latter came back from the golden East to fight his city's battles against the rival Genoese. There is a tendency to confuse the love of travel for its own sake with the modern tendency to emigrate to younger countries, but the two temperaments are distinct. The man who removes his household gods under other skies, making his home where he can earn his bread, as often as not crosses the seas for the first time. He did not choose his motherland, any more than he chose his mother, but the natural instincts faintly imprinted on the *tabula rasa* of his brain at birth bade him be content with both. Stress of circumstances may subsequently have driven him abroad, but such a motive has nothing in common with the joy of travel that breathes in every page of *Eothen*, being comparable rather with the compulsion that sent R. L. Stevenson to die at Vallima. Your emigrant is, in truth, the poorest of travellers. Either he settles for good and all in some wilderness in the New World, or else he gives the best years of his life to official or commercial work in the East, hopeful of ending his days at home. When, in the latter alternative, he spends his leave in the

old country, he takes the line of least resistance and travels backwards and forwards by the shortest route. The voyage itself gives no enjoyment and is merely planned so as to enable him to spend as much time as possible at home.

The devastating wave of emigration that of late years has swept the western side of these islands bare of its most industrious toilers, sometimes prompts the question whether this change of home fulfils the specious promises held out by agents interested in promoting such traffic. This, again, is hard to answer, since everything depends upon the expectations which the individual may form of the venture. Though a man may not choose his native land, no such accident of birth is responsible for the home that he may make for himself across the sea. The experiment is at best a terrible risk and should, if it is to have reasonable prospect of success, be made in youth, when mind and body are alike adaptive. This, as has been pointed out, applies also to travel for pleasure. It is a hobby to ride on the right side of middle age. In the long run he is the most useful member of the community who, having first indulged his taste for travel, settles down in the fulness of his vigor, his outlook widened and his judgment ripened, to perform such civic or family duties as may be required of him at home. The persistence of this *convitise de voir le monde* in old age is as indecorous as the nasty spectacle of dotards dancing in the company of their juniors. If gray hairs must dance at all, it should be to amuse the children at Christmas. At an ordinary ball such senile gambols are as undignified as David's dance round the Ark. The only excuse for an old man to travel is lack of opportunity in the years that are gone. Pushed beyond reasonable limits, the love of travel, which in moderation de-

notes intelligence, becomes an itch for which there is no salve but death. Such *Wanderlust* in graybeards suggests rather the curse of Isalah, and the careless wanderer in youth may age to a homeless outcast with nowhere to lay his head. Mindful of the expulsion from Paradise, Fielding remarked that travel had been the curse of the race from the beginning of its history, though the force of his remark is in some measure discounted by the fact that the author of *Tom Jones* was so poor a traveller that he succumbed to his only voyage.

Is travel worth while? There is negative evidence of its worth in what Hazlitt says of Cockneys; though when, in another essay, he brands the French as the "Cockneys of Europe" he fastens on our lively neighbors a reproach that they have since handsomely redeemed. True, the exiled official in Cochin China or Algeria sighs as bitterly as of yore for his native boulevards, for nostalgia is the Frenchman's idea of patriotism, and he is wanting in the finer love of his own country that would serve it uncomplainingly at the ends of the earth. Yet French tourists are no longer so uncommon as in Hazlitt's day, and our one-time enemies have lately visited these islands in such numbers as to have made friends beyond the "water and a cloudy mist" which were then all that they saw when gazing northward from Boulogne, enabling us at last to contemplate with equanimity the long abortive project of a Channel tunnel.

In such fashion does world-travel wipe out the bloody heritage of Babel. Intercourse with other nations breeds mutual respect, without distinction of language, politics, or creed; and travel is wholly free from the rivalry of international Olympic games, the mutual gain of which is at least open to argument. Above all, it educates us to recognize exceptions to the type of for-

eigner glorified in *Punch*. The traveller meets with pious Frenchmen, melancholy Italians, vivacious Scotsmen, modest Germans, and other human surprises. He parts with the hole-in-a-corner outlook of his native village, gaining in exchange a sweeter perspective. How badly some stand in need of this wholesome correction is evident from their churlish treatment of the stranger within their gates. Moritz, who visited this country in the eighteenth century, found everyone abusive; and Giordano Bruno tells us that the citizens of London made a practice of attacking foreigners in their streets. Nor is it so very long, as time is measured, since visitors of the reformed church were in danger of violence in the streets of Rome during religious festivals. An amusing case of injustice to an unoffending alien came under my own notice at the time of the last general election, when party feeling ran high in the West of England. The electors of one party had taken for their hymn of battle a melody then familiar at every street corner, and an unfortunate Savoyard, grinding out the dreadful tune on his wheezy hand-organ, was hustled by the supporters of the other faction through the streets of a town in which they happened to be in the majority. Seeing his perplexity, and thinking it high time to interfere, I managed to make the situation clear to him, and he gratefully acted on my suggestion that he should take the first train for the neighboring market town, in which the other party, favorable to the tune, sensibly predominated.

Prejudice should be omitted from the traveller's outfit. The tourist who leaves home in the assumption that every German is a fire-eater, every American a braggart, and every Italian a Lothario, is sure to meet with awkward disappointments, and will certainly impair his own chances of get-

ting the fullest enjoyment out of his experience. Generally speaking, so far, at any rate, as European nations are concerned, human nature is approximately homogeneous, and there is much to be said for Mr. Belloc's contention that the differences between the nations are grossly exaggerated, and that, in face of a common Muhammadan or Mongolian enemy, these differences would, as likely as not, altogether disappear. Travel teaches appreciation of another uniformity of type, and that is the likeness between hillmen, dalesmen, coastmen, men of the plains, and islanders all the world over. Each type reflects its environment irrespective of political allegiance or religion. I do not here refer to the affinities between Welsh and Breton, or between the peasants of Andalusia and Morocco, for these are cases of blood relationship. The response to environment is illustrated rather by the close resemblance between the Moslem mountaineers of the Caucasus and Christian hillmen of the Alps, or between the mariners of half a dozen races bordering on the Mediterranean.

Travel confirms Mr. Belloc's theory, and this is matter for rejoicing on the part of those of us who prefer peace to war, and who would rather look upon the homely repose of the "Angelus" than the tremendous gran-

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deur of one of Vereschagin's battle scenes. By so mingling as to conceive mutual respect, the nations may yet avert Armageddon more cheaply than by increasing their already intolerable armaments. This pacifying influence of travel is doubtless what Macaulay had in mind when he praised the good work done in the cause of civilization by such inventions as abridge distance. His words came back to me one morning some years ago when a high official of the American Government was taking me on his automobile over the then inchoate works of the Panama Canal; and, in spite of more recent re-priminations on the all-important question of tariffs, it is unthinkable that this stupendous enterprise should, instead of drawing them closer together, sow discord among the nations.

Assuredly, from many standpoints travel is worth while, though as much cannot always be inferred from the records published by tourists. Thus, Sir Frederick Treves, who has of late years achieved as a writer of light travel literature some of the high reputation that he no longer covets in his own profession, invariably brings his otherwise pleasant retrospect to a close in so pessimistic a vein as to inspire curiosity as to the why and wherefore of his ever taking the trouble to leave home.

F. G. Aflalo.

THE GERMAN CHILD IN THE GERMAN SCHOOL.

(WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO CHILD-SUICIDE IN GERMANY.)

The Australian child, like the American, has been often represented by visitors as forward, precocious, self-assertive, disrespectful to his elders, always in evidence when he is not wanted, immodestly interrupting and correcting his parents and teachers, and doing many other things distinctly un-European. It is possible, even proba-

ble, that there is a modicum of truth in the charge. But if we look at the German small boy or girl we find the antithesis of all the above characteristics. It is the antithesis of a military caste-system to a pure democracy. Where the individual counts for little by the side of Government and Authority, the child will count for little,

hardly for an entity at all, by the side of parent and teacher. The child is not only father to the man, he is father to the nation, and the best medium for the study of the national psychology.

The struggle now going on in Prussia to control the youth of both sexes after they leave school, shows that the State is determined not to relax its efforts to exercise rigorous discipline over its citizens from infancy to old age. The Association Law, passed in 1909, forbade youths under eighteen years of age from joining any political league. It was really, of course, directed against the Socialists. The movement called the *Jugendpflege* ("care of youth") now being vigorously encouraged by the rulers of the country—it is receiving financial support from the Government—is especially aimed at fostering a military spirit in the Fatherland's young men. "Stirring accounts of heroic deeds in the field will be used to inculcate a martial spirit, and the youths will listen to inspiring stories of war."

Are the fruits of this suppression of individuality, of all this discipline and regimentation, better than the fruits of equality and free-play, firstly, as seen in the child himself, secondly, as seen in the developed man? Is the American or Australian child less interesting, less social, less good-natured in matters that go to the heart, than the German child? Is the full-grown American or Australian, man or woman, more brusque and domineering than the full-grown German?

Dr. Fritz Berolzheimer said in 1910 that in recent years the number of suicides by school-children had increased "in a degree that could only be called uncanny." Since then the cases have gone on increasing in a greater ratio than ever, and the matter is now seriously exercising the minds of German professors, schoolmasters and doctors.

1 "In geradezu unheimlicher Weise."

The newspapers, too, have had a good deal to say on the subject lately. Some of them have said it sensationally. They have made sweeping charges against the schools and schoolmasters, fixing the guilt off-hand, without the least effort to see where or how far it is fixable. Belief in the omnipotence—for good or evil—of the pedagogic art is the German's besetting weakness. Professor Albert Eulenberg, Dr. Hoche, of the Freiburg High School, and many others, have collected statistics and dealt, if not exhaustively, at least minutely with certain aspects of the subject. Apart, however, from a vague general agreement that both the school-system and the parents are more or less to blame for some of the cases, the views or theories advanced, even by the experts, do not always coincide. Professor Eulenberg says that in the twenty-three years, 1883-1905, there were 1,221 child-suicides in Prussia alone, and since the latter date they have increased considerably. At Easter, last year, just after the annual school examinations, eleven cases were reported from Berlin, Griesheim and Jena in about a fortnight, making twenty-nine cases that I noted in the papers within seven months, and this number falls short of the total. Of the 1,221 cases investigated by Professor Eulenberg, over 300 could not be accounted for in any way, 160 were definitely traceable to an inherited condition or temperament morally and physically morbid, 378 to fear of punishment, and only 54 to dread of examinations or failure to pass examinations. Of the remaining 300, some were possibly due to harsh treatment on the part of parents, guardians, or teachers, and some to bad reports from school concerning the pupil's work or conduct. A few of the more recently reported cases have been traced to love affairs. At one time the *Schundliteratur*

("Buffalo Bill" and "Nat Pinkerton" books) came in for a large share of the blame. Owing, however, to the vigorous agitation carried on against this "literature" since 1908, its sale has gone down remarkably, while the suicides show a decided increase, so that it can hardly be said that the connection between the two has been finally established or at any rate that it is as close as the denouncers of these books have represented. The victims—that is the word applicable to many of these cases—are nearly always boys. But one of the last cases reported was that of a girl of fourteen years of age, and here the *Schundliteratur* does seem to have been responsible. According to a letter written to a school companion, this unfortunate child had made up her mind to have "as glorious a death" as the heroine of the story.

In a fair number of these cases, either the school system—not necessarily the teachers or inspectors, who are only following official regulations—or the parent must bear some of the responsibility. I have before me now reports of three cases in July, 1912, which are thoroughly typical:

"The boy, who was twelve years of age, had been missing for three weeks. At last, his father found him and dragged him to school."

"The boy [also twelve years old] was very nervous and backward in his studies."

"The cause of the sad event is supposed to be the approaching end of the school term and the fear of bad reports." [Here the boy was thirteen years old.]

In what respect are the parents contributory causes? Naturally, they want their boys to reach the standard of scholarship of the average pupil, and this is especially noticeable in the case of the boys attending the High Schools. Their parents want them to pass the highest form, to hold a certificate exempting them from more than one

year's military service, and, above all, the certificate entitling them to enter the University. Whether the boy is, without undue forcing, capable of accomplishing these tasks or not, is a question which, in some cases apparently, either does not enter the heads of the parents, or, if it does, any objections that suggest themselves are subordinated to their vanity. From my own experience, I could give several instances: a quite recent one was characteristic. Here the father had, for some reason best known to himself, concluded that his son must become a doctor, and there was an end of the matter as far as he was concerned. But not as far as the boy was concerned. He had no taste for the profession, and hated the work preparatory thereto which was being forced upon him. Even if after much toll and many heartburnings he passed all the examinations, he would be hardly likely to shine in a profession to which he felt a strong aversion. Yet this most valuable time of his life, which might be spent in preparation for good work in some commercial pursuit, to which the boy's tastes incline, was being wasted—or worse. The learning of subjects for which a boy or girl has no taste, will not be furthered either by the persuasion of the cane or the gentler solicitation of the coach, and the only result of these processes is that the child is distressed by being dragged along a path in which he knows that success is impossible. Too many youths are sent to the High Schools who, with the best will and the greatest energy, can never reach the desired goal, and many of these, who might have done credit to themselves, their parents, and their teachers, as tradesmen or in some agricultural or business occupation, are shut up in a forcing-house, pushed from class to class, often also set to work under high pressure at home, till at

last outraged Nature can stand the strain no longer and something snaps.

Of course, the school is defending itself from the serious charges made against it. The teachers say that they are well aware that the knowledge of an impending examination often casts a gloom over both the staff and the classes, but that they are not to blame either for the examinations or for the fact that some of the pupils fail to pass, though the failures, if over a certain percentage, are liable to do them serious injury. They did not frame the rules and regulations, and are not responsible for the rigid red-tape of the department, all of which weigh as heavily upon them as upon the children. In view of the extravagant praise of the German schools heard in so many quarters of the world, I should like to urge as strongly as possible one or two points, arising partly out of my own experience and partly from a close study of German methods, more especially as Germany herself is beginning to show some signs of discontent with the barrack-like drill and routine of her school-system.

(1) Neither the effort nor the capacity of a boy or girl can always be estimated, even approximately, from reports and examinations. Special work for examination purposes is nearly always feverish and injurious to the physical and mental health of the student, whose time should be devoted to the sure acquisition of knowledge through steady and deliberate work. The system of cramming is nearly as bad in Germany, where examinations are conducted by the school, as in England and Australia, where they are conducted by the University. A special coach is employed, he reviews the work of the year, finds out, from previous papers set or by other means, the teachers' and examiners' fads as far as possible, eliminates questions not likely to be asked, sets a few test-papers and

tells the examinee exactly how to attack them. Broad and systematic work is the very thing to be avoided. On April 13th, 1912, Professor Gurliitt, referring to three recent cases of boy-suicide and to overwork in the schools, said:—

"The matter is transparently clear. These three highly-gifted, hard-working youths, who, it appears from all the evidence, might have won significance for the culture of our people, have fallen a prey to a rigid school-system."

Several years previously, Professor Paulsen had drawn attention to the "almost unbearable burden placed on weaker shoulders" by excessive home-work and the rigorous preparation for the *Abiturienten* certificates, as well as to the prejudicial effect even on the more robust minds. Moreover, much of the work forced upon those preparing for the professions is unnecessary. In these days, when we hear so much of overstrain and the increased nervous susceptibility of the age, and when it is becoming more and more recognized that the child's energy must be conserved, it is preposterous to compel those who have no inclination towards such studies to take a difficult course of Latin and Greek, that is, to make these subjects compulsory for examinations which are to be the entrance to a course of study in some science. "Liberal culture"—with which phrase, however, a good deal of cant is sometimes associated—may remain the foundation of professional studies equally under a system which allows a wide range of optional subjects.

(2) The apparently dull child often has good thinking power, which cannot concentrate on the schoolbook. Difficult as it may be in some cases to discriminate, and it is impossible to draw an absolute line of demarcation, there seems to be a mental difference of kind rather than degree between the backward, that is, slow-develop-

ing, child and one that is really feeble-minded. Mere precocity is too often regarded as a sign of higher mental endowment. "Dull" students sometimes distinguish themselves in after-life as inventors and path-finders in the sciences and professions: some of the "brilliant" scholars are little heard of after they leave school and the University. Inaptitude in one direction, whatever value may have been set upon that particular direction by examiners and theorists whose minds have been cast in one mechanical mould, it is now being more and more insisted upon, is often compensated for by natural aptitude in other directions, which may be trained to become of equal value to the nation.

(3) Only those who enter upon the work with their whole soul and with some sense of responsibility should ever receive a call to teach and control children, and their number is not so large as some people imagine. A cheap university degree and the other paper and parchment witnesses to proficiency should be no passport to the teacher's dais. Not only must the teacher be fitted by nature to enter into the life of the child, but he must appreciate the vast difference between developing the mind and stuffing the brain. No one with the most elementary knowledge of German education can dispute the thoroughness of the German teacher's training, and what is somewhat vaguely called "child-psychology" will in future form an important part of the preparatory studies in some of the training colleges. This artificial equipment of the teacher is not likely to be neglected but it is not enough in itself. A gardener that loves his work, though he may know nothing whatever of botany, will produce far better results than the most scientific botanist who has no love for practical gardening. How can we explain the fact that children under one

teacher make good progress, while under another who has equal or better paper-qualifications they attain only poor results in the same subjects? Under the one the child's work becomes interesting or even joyous, under the other it becomes a source of distress and weariness of the soul. The mechanical rigidity of Germany's present school-system is entirely opposed to the ideas of her own great pedagogue, Friedrich Fröbel, the pupil of Pestalozzi and founder of the kindergarten. And long before Dottressa Montessori, Hilstorff declared that children, if trained from their earliest years, can be led to a high degree of self-control without repressive measures, and that the best school is not that in which the child receives the most information, but that in which he is set to work out for himself, to the full, the realization of his own personality. With the best intention in the world the naturally inapt teacher is liable to misjudge certain indications of feebleness on the intellectual side, and on the moral side to magnify forms of waywardness into serious defects. A well-trained and apt teacher will notice signs of fatigue and act accordingly, and he will recognize irritability and inattention as, in many cases, evidence of nervous trouble. What is needed is more individual treatment for the child, and less and less stress on the principle of authority as a factor in education. Instead of over-burdening the child by a display of his own power, the intelligent and gifted teacher will lead him along grooves that make for self-active thought.

(4) Homework should be reduced to a minimum. Some boys and girls should never be asked to do these tasks at all. In any case the amount of the work to be done after school should be allotted according to the individual characteristics, the ability and physical health of the pupil.

(5) The spirit of the school in Germany is not free enough and there is not enough comradeship between master and scholar. In the schools, as in every other sphere of political, social, and administrative activity, the German-Prussian system is peculiarly liable to the injurious discipline of repression which, instead of implanting manliness and strength of character in the young scholar, as some old-time German theorists imagine, is the deadliest foe to the development of a robust will and self-expression. The strength of the German school is its weakness. Absolute control by the State, unifying all educational policy, has spared the country the public scandal existing in Australia under which the most illiterate individual may style himself "Reverend" or add the letters "M.A." to his name and start a college. But it has given Germany a hidebound system that exerts a sterilizing influence, and the recognition of this fact by some German educationalists is now directing much attention to the study of primary and secondary education in English-speaking countries. One recent German visitor to England spoke enthusiastically of the influence of the English master over his pupils as directive rather than repressive, and the extent of that influence which, instead of remaining confined to schoolwork and discipline, reached to the boy's whole outlook on life. German pedagogy has had a profound influence on methods of teaching throughout the world, but in Great Britain this influence has been abstract rather than concrete, it has been confined to methods of teaching, its effects have been felt only within the system itself—as far as there is a system—and not upon organized education as a whole. What Great Britain wants is not Germany's cast-iron organization, which cannot be reproduced in England, and which, if it could, would do more harm than good,

but a wider recognition of the value of education to the nation, such a national ideal and control of the whole educational system as will prevent quacks from defrauding the parent and injuring the child, and the encouragement of science which has hitherto occupied a too subordinate position as compared with the importance assigned to the classical and literary side of education.

(6) Church and clergy weigh far too heavily on the school in Germany and the pressure of the teachers inevitably passes to the boys and girls. I think that even an elaborate system of "moral instruction," as demanded by some advocates of purely secular schools, would also tend to have a depressing effect on the child-mind. One "scheme of instruction in ethics and civics" that I have seen is quite embracing. The child is to be led by different stages to a thorough grasp of his relation to

- (a) himself (personal ethics),
- (b) his fellows (social ethics),
- (c) his country (national ethics),
- (d) the world (the higher altruism).

Each of these headings is subdivided to show virtues to be cultivated and ideals to be aimed at. Lessons and wall-sheets will bring home to the young scholar

- (a) the effect of honesty, truthfulness, purity, on character;
- (b) the necessity of cultivating the civic and social virtues;
- (c) the necessity of responding loyally to the just claims of Fatherland (true patriotism);

(d) the real meaning of the expression, "goodwill to men without regard to racial or religious differences."

And the men and women who are advocating this sort of thing call the present the Age of the Child!

(7) Cane and strap must be put in a glass case and taken to the museum. To inflict pain on a boy or girl is a

moral wrong to childhood, an insult to the whole community, a blot on any school-system, and a blot that will have to disappear. The headmaster of an Australian school who visited France not long ago wrote:—

"Corporal punishment is unknown in French schools. The discipline of the pupils is very satisfactory. Pupils are bright, active, and well-behaved. The teachers control without difficulty. . . . Austerity, imperiousness, fickleness in the teacher are deprecated. Boys from ten to sixteen years of age were seen in their class-rooms, and the general impression of the school discipline was satisfactory. In the Elementary Schools the little fellows about nine and ten years of age were well-dressed, intelligent, and earnest." How can we best protect both teacher and scholar? The best answer seems to be: By careful attention in appointing and training the teachers. Certainly not by corporal punishment nor by appointing autocrats. The less fitted the teacher, the stronger the inclination to use the cane, and to coarseness generally.²

(8) Athletic sports of all kinds should be encouraged. The set gymnastic exercises in the German schools are not recreative. When severe and prolonged, they are as great a strain on the mind as mathematics or science. Those people in England and Australia who are crying out against what they call the "sportmania" and the pursuit of "mere athleticism," have probably never taken much serious interest in sport, and do not know its value to the physical and mental life, not only of the school but of the nation. In several Prussian schools a few years ago football was prohibited altogether, because some boys had been hurt or had injured themselves by overtraining, and only last April in all the schools in Bavaria

² "Vorwärts" (No. 142, June 21st, 1912) gives a case of almost incredible punishment inflicted by the headmaster of a school in Berlin on a boy who could not find a street on the city map.

this sport was prohibited for boys under seventeen years of age. Anyone who has lived in England (or Australia) and Germany, will admit that the indoor gymnastic exercises so characteristic of the German schools, important as they are for the scientific development of this or that muscle, can never evoke a spirit of freedom and comradeship like cricket, and football, and other field sports. There is the very closest connection between true sport and true culture. Boys taught to "play the game," to enter with their whole being into a contest for the honor of their club or school, will the more easily overcome obstacles in the serious pursuits of life also. The Hellenic youth who, in the footrace, in boxing or wrestling, directed his highest energy towards winning the simple olive twig, was not being rendered less fit for subsequent service in the agora or in the field.

(9) The German child (boy or girl) reads far too much. Undoubtedly the recent onslaught on most of the *Schundliteratur* was justified; but the men and women who have been leading the fight against "Nick Carter" and "Deadwood Dick" are too much concerned to find substitutes for them. As a result largely of their efforts, reading-rooms for children have been opened in Berlin and some other cities, but what was rather wanted was the complete discouragement of this juvenile rage for books. Boys and girls should spend their time in the open air, in long walks together, in games.

This is the Age of the Child. The appellation ought to be peculiarly applicable to Germany and her schools, upon which both money and solicitude have been lavished without stint. The important part played by the school in the national life is upon the lips of all public men, it is the one theme emphasized in unison by the ever-growing

and bewildering host of "reformers" of all parties from the extreme Conservative Right (even here there are "reform movements") to the most revolutionary Social Democrat. We read every day of what is being done to improve the school and the child—of nature study, manual training, domestic science for girls, gardening, directed play. Outside the ordinary school there are the *Hilfsschulen* (for children of weak intellect), Forest Schools (for those suffering from chronic diseases), Continuation Schools (evening schools for mercantile employees), special institutions for morally perverse children, numerous special laws for the protection of the child, public and pri-

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vate effort for regulating juvenile labor, for promoting and safeguarding the child's health, organizations for protecting mothers, for child-study, and for reducing as far as possible infant mortality. Through the whole reach of life in Germany, there is direction and control, regulation and regimentation. A little free play, both in the school and out of it, might give some encouraging results. When we read about once a week—the child-suicides in Germany now average slightly more—that a boy twelve or thirteen years of age, perhaps a little older, has hanged himself or jumped in front of a train, the news soon arrests the mind of the least sensation-loving.

A. D. McLaren.

THE POWER-HOUSE.

IV.

My first thought, as I journeyed towards London, was that I was horribly alone in this business. Whatever was to be done I must do it myself, for the truth was I had no evidence which any authority would recognize. Pitt-Heron was the friend of a strange being who collected objects of art, probably passed under an *alias* in South London, and had absurd visions of the end of civilization. That, in cold black and white, was all my story came to. If I went to the police they would laugh at me, and they would be right. Now I am a sober and practical person, but, slender though my evidence was, it brought to my mind the most absolute conviction. I seemed to know Pitt-Heron's story as if I had heard it from his own lips—his first meeting with Lumley and their growing friendship; his initiation into secret and forbidden things; the revolt of the decent man, appalled that his freakishness had led him so far; the realization that he could not break so

easily with his past, and that Lumley held him in his power; and last, the mad flight under the pressure of overwhelming terror. I could read the purpose of that flight. He knew the Indian frontier as few men know it, and in the wild tangles of the Pamirs he hoped to baffle his enemy. Then from some far refuge he would send for his wife and spend the rest of his days in exile. It must have been an omnipotent terror to drive such a man, young, brilliant, rich, successful, to the fate of an absconding felon.

But Lumley was on his trail. So I read the telegram I had picked up on the floor of the Blackheath house, and my business was to frustrate the pursuit. Some one must have gone to Bokhara, some creature of Lumley's, perhaps the super-butler I had met in the County Court. The telegram, for I had noted the date, had been received on the 27th day of May. It was now the 15th of June, so if some one had started immediately on its receipt,

in all probability he would by now be in Bokhara. I must find out who had gone and endeavor to warn Tommy. I calculated that it would have taken him seven or eight days to get from Moscow by the Transcasian; probably he would find Pitt-Heron gone, but inquiries would set him on the track. I might be able to get in touch with him through the Russian officials. In any case, if Lumley were stalking Pitt-Heron, I, unknown and unsuspected, would be stalking Lumley.

And then in a flash I realized my folly. The wretched letter I had written that morning had given the whole show away. Lumley knew that I was a friend of Pitt-Heron, and that I knew that he was a friend of Pitt-Heron. If my guess was right, friendship with Lumley was not a thing Charles was likely to confess to, and he would argue that my knowledge of it meant that I was in Charles's confidence. I would therefore know of his disappearance and its cause, and alone in London would connect it with the decorous bachelor of the Albany. My letter was a warning to him that he could not play the game unobserved, and I, too, would be suspect in his eyes.

It was no good crying over spilt milk, and Lumley's suspicions must be accepted, but I confess that the thought gave me a qualm. The man had a curious terror for me, a terror I cannot hope to analyze and reproduce for you. My bald words can give no idea of the magnetic force of his talk, the sense of brooding and unholy craft. I was proposing to match my wits against a master's, one, too, who must have at his command an organization far beyond my puny efforts. I have said that my first feeling was that of loneliness and isolation; my second was one of hopeless insignificance. It was a boy's mechanical toy arrayed against a Power-House with

its shining wheels and monstrous dynamos.

My first business was to get in touch with Tommy. At that time I had a friend in one of the Embassies, whose acquaintance I had made on a dry-fly stream in Hampshire. I will not tell you his name, for he has since become a great figure in the world's diplomacy, and I am by no means certain that the part he played in this tale was strictly in accordance with official etiquette. I had assisted him on the legal side in some of the international quibbles that beset all Embassies, and we had reached the point of intimacy which is marked by the use of Christian names and by dining frequently together. Let us call him Monsieur Felix. He was a grave young man, slightly my senior, learned, discreet, and ambitious, but with an engaging boyishness cropping up now and then under the official gold lace. It occurred to me that in him I might find an ally.

I reached London about eleven in the morning and went straight to Belgrave Square. Felix I found in the little library off the big secretaries' room, a sunburnt sportsman fresh from a Norwegian salmon river. I asked him if he had half an hour to spare, and was told that the day was at my service.

"You know Tommy Deloraine?" I asked.

He nodded.

"And Charles Pitt-Heron?"

"I have heard of him."

"Well, here is my trouble. I have reason to believe that Tommy has joined Pitt-Heron in Bokhara. If he has, my mind will be greatly relieved, for, though I can't tell you the story, I can tell you that Pitt-Heron is in very considerable danger. Can you help me?"

Felix reflected. "That should be simple enough. I can wire in cypher

to the Military Resident. The police there are pretty efficient, as you may imagine, and travellers don't come and go without being remarked. I should be able to give you an answer within twenty-four hours. I must describe Tommy. How does one do that in telegraphese?"

"I want you to tell me another thing," I said. "You remember that Pitt-Heron has some reputation as a Central Asian traveller. Tommy, as you know, is as mad as a hatter. Suppose these two fellows at Bokhara, wanting to make a long trek into wild country—how would they go? You've been there and know the lie of the land."

Felix got down a big German atlas, and for half an hour we pored over it. From Bokhara, he said, the only routes for madmen ran to the south. East and north you got into Siberia; west lay the Transcasian desert; but southward you might go through the Hissar range by Pamirski Post to Gligit and Kashmir, or you might follow up the Oxus and enter the north of Afghanistan, or you might go by Merv into north-eastern Persia. The first he thought the likeliest route, if a man wanted to travel fast. I asked him to put in his cable a suggestion about watching the Indian roads, and left him with a promise of early enlightenment.

Then I went down to the Temple, fixed some consultations and spent a quiet evening in my rooms. I had a heavy sense of impending disaster, not unnatural in the circumstances. I really cannot think what it was that held me to the job. Partly, no doubt, liking for Tommy and Ethel, partly regret for that unfortunate fellow Pitt-Heron, most of all, I think, dislike of Lunley. That bland superman had fairly stirred my prosaic antipathies.

Next day I was in a case at the Old

Bailey. It was an important prosecution for fraud, and I appeared, with two leaders, for the Bank concerned. The amazing and almost incredible thing about this story of mine is the way clues kept rolling in unsolicited, and I was to get another from this dull prosecution. I suppose that the explanation is that the world is full of clues to everything, and that, if a man's mind is sharp-set on any quest, he happens to notice and take advantage of what otherwise he would miss. My leaders were both absent the first day, and I had to examine our witnesses alone. Towards the close of the afternoon I put a fellow in the box, an oldish drink-sodden clerk in a Cannon Street bucket-shop. His evidence was valuable for our case, but I was very doubtful how he would stand a cross-examination as to credit. His name was Routh, and he spoke with a strong North-country accent. But what caught my attention was his face. His jaw looked as if it had been made in two pieces which did not fit, and he had little, bright protuberant eyes. At my first glance I was conscious of a recollection.

He was still in the box when the Court rose, and I informed the solicitors that before going further, I wanted a conference with the witness. A few minutes later he was brought to my chambers, and I put one or two obvious questions on the case, till the managing clerk who accompanied him announced with many excuses that he must hurry away. Then I shut the door, gave Mr. Routh a cigar, and proceeded to conduct a private inquiry.

He was a pathetic being, only too ready to talk. I learned the squalid details of his continuous misfortunes. He had been the son of a dissenting minister in Northumberland, and had drifted through half a dozen occupations till he found his present unsavory billet. Truth was written large

on his statement, he had nothing to conceal, for his foible was folly, not crime, and he had not a rag of pride to give him reticence. He boasted that he was a gentleman, and well-educated, too, but he had never had a chance. His brother had advised him badly; his brother was too clever for a prosaic world; always through his reminiscences came this echo of fraternal admiration and complaint.

It was about the brother I wanted to know, and Mr. Routh was very willing to speak. Indeed it was hard to disentangle facts from his copious outpourings. The brother had been an engineer and a highly successful one; had dallied with politics, too, and had been a great inventor. He had put Mr. Routh on to a South American speculation, where he had made a little money but speedily lost it again. Oh, he had been a good brother in his way, and had often helped him, but he was a busy man, and his help never went quite far enough. Besides, he did not like to apply to him too often. I gathered that the brother was not a person to take liberties with. I asked him what he was doing now.

"Ah," said Mr. Routh, "that is what I wish I could tell you. I will not conceal from you that for the moment I am in considerable financial straits, and this case, though my hands are clean enough, God knows, will not make life easier for me. My brother is a mysterious man, whose business often takes him abroad. I have never known even his address, for I write always to a London office from which my communications are forwarded. I only know that he is in some big electrical business, for I remember that he once let drop the remark that he was in charge of some power station. No, I do not think it is in London, probably somewhere abroad. I heard from him a fortnight ago, and he told

me he was just leaving England for a couple of months. It is very annoying, for I want badly to get into touch with him."

"Do you know, Mr. Routh," I said, "I believe I have met your brother. Is he like you in any way?"

"We have a strong family resemblance, but he is taller and slimmer. He has been more prosperous, and has lived a healthier life, you see."

"Do you happen to know," I asked, "if he ever uses another name? I don't think that the man I knew was called Routh."

The clerk flushed. "I think it highly unlikely that my brother would use an *alias*. He has done nothing to disgrace a name of which we are proud."

I told him that my memory had played me false, and we parted on very good terms. He was an innocent soul, one of those people that clever rascals get to do their dirty work for them. But there was no mistaking the resemblance. There, without the brains and force and virility, went my super-butler of Blackheath, who passed under the name of Tuke.

When he had gone, I rang up Macgillivray at Scotland Yard and got an appointment in half an hour's time. Macgillivray had been at the Bar—I had read in his chambers—and was now one of the heads of the Criminal Investigation Department. I was about to ask him for information which he was in no way bound to give me, but I presumed on our old acquaintance.

I asked him first whether he had ever heard of a secret organization which went under the name of the Power-House. He laughed out loud at my question.

"I should think we have several hundreds of such pet names on our records," he said. "Everything from the Lodge of the Baldfaced Ravens to Solomon's Seal No. X. Fancy nomen-

clature is the relaxation of the tired anarchist, and matters very little. The dangerous fellows have no names, no number even, which we can get hold of. But I'll get a man to look up our records. There may be something filed about your Power-House."

My second question he answered differently. "Routh, Routh! Why, yes, there was a Routh we had dealings with a dozen years ago when I used to go to the North-Eastern circuit. He was a trade-union official who bagged the funds, and they couldn't bring him to justice because of the ridiculous extra-legal status they possess. He knew it, and played their own privileges against them. Oh yes, he was a very complete rogue. I once saw him at a meeting in Sunderland, and I remember his face—sneering eyes, diabolically clever mouth, and with it all as smug as a family butler. He has disappeared from England—at least we haven't heard of him for some years, but I can show you his photograph."

Macgillivray took from a lettered cabinet a bundle of cards, selected one and tossed it towards me. It was that of a man of thirty or so, with short side-whiskers and a drooping moustache. The eyes, the ill-fitting jaw, and the brow were those of my friend Mr. Tuke, brother and patron of the sorrowful Mr. Routh, who had already that afternoon occupied my attention.

Macgillivray promised to make certain inquiries, and I walked home in a state of elation. Now I knew who had gone to Bokhara, and I knew something, too, of the traveller's past. A discredited genius was the very man for Lumley's schemes—one who asked for nothing better than to use his brains outside the ring-fence of convention. Somewhere in the wastes of Turkestan the ex-trade-union official was in search of Pitt-Heron. I did

not fancy that Mr. Tuke would stick at trifles.

I dined at the club and left early. Going home, I had an impression that I was being shadowed. You know the feeling that some one is watching you, a sort of sensation received by the consciousness without actual evidence.

It was a bright summer evening, and Piccadilly had its usual throng of motor-cars and buses and foot passengers. I halted twice, once in St. James's Street and once at the corner of Stratton Street, and retraced my steps for a bit, and each time I had the impression that some one a hundred yards or so off had done the same. Obviously in such a crowd I could get no certainty on the matter, so I banished it from my mind. I spent the rest of the evening in my rooms, reading cases and trying to keep my thoughts off Central Asia. About ten I was rung up on the telephone by Felix. He had had his answer from Bokhara. Pitt-Heron had left with a small caravan on June 2nd by the main road through the Hissar range. Tommy had arrived on June 10th and on the 12th had set off with two servants on the same trail. Travelling the lighter of the two, he should have overtaken Pitt-Heron by the 15th at latest. That was yesterday, and my mind was immensely relieved. Tommy in such a situation was a tower of strength, for, whatever his failings in politics, I knew no one I would rather have with me in a tight corner.

Next day the sense of espionage increased. I was in the habit of walking down to the Temple by way of Pall Mall and the Embankment, but, as I did not happen to be in Court that morning, I resolved to make a detour and test my suspicions. There seemed to be nobody in Down Street as I emerged from my flat, but I had not walked five yards before, turning

back. I saw a man enter from the Piccadilly end, while another moved across the Hertford Street opening. It may have been only my imagination, but I was convinced that these were my watchers. I walked up Park Lane, for it seemed to me that by taking the Tube at the Marble Arch Station I could bring matters to the proof. I have a trick of observing small irrelevant details, and I happened to have noticed that a certain carriage in the train which left Marble Arch about 9.30 stopped exactly opposite the exit at the Chancery Lane Station, and by hurrying up the passage one could just catch the lift which served an earlier train and so reach the street before any of the other travellers. I performed this manoeuvre with success, caught the early lift, reached the street and took cover behind a pillar-box whence I could watch the exit of passengers from the stairs, for I judged that my tracker, if he missed me below, would run up the stairs rather than wait on the lift. Sure enough, a breathless gentleman appeared, who scanned the street eagerly, and then turned to the lift to watch the emerging passengers. It was clear that the espionage was no figment of my brain.

I walked slowly to my chambers and got through the day's work as best I could, for my mind was preoccupied with the unpleasant business in which I found myself entangled. I would have given a year's income to be honestly quit of it, but there seemed to be no way of escape. The maddening thing was that I could do so little; there was no chance of forgetting anxiety in strenuous work; I could only wait with the patience at my command, and hope for the one chance in a thousand which I might seize. At four o'clock I left the Temple and walked to the Embassy. I had resolved to banish the espionage from

my mind, for that was the least of my difficulties.

Felix gave me an hour of his valuable time. It was something that Tommy had joined Pitt-Heron, but there were other matters to be arranged in that far country. The time had come, in my opinion, to tell him the whole story, and the telling was a huge relief to my mind. He did not laugh at me as I had half feared, but took the whole thing as gravely as possible. In his profession, I fancy, he had found too many certainties behind suspicious to treat anything as trivial. The next step, he said, was to warn the Russian police of the presence of the man called Saronov and the super-butler. Happily we had materials for the description of Tuke or Routh, and I could not believe that such a figure would be hard to trace. Felix cabled again in cypher, asking that the two should be watched, more especially if there was reason to believe that they had followed Tommy's route. Once more we got out the big map and discussed the possible ways. It seemed to me a land created by Providence for surprises, for the roads followed the valleys, and to the man who travelled light there must be many short cuts through the hills.

I left the Embassy before six o'clock and, crossing the Square engrossed with my own thoughts, ran full into Lumley. I hope I played my part well, though I could not repress a start of surprise. He wore a gray morning-coat and a white top-hat and looked the image of benevolent respectability.

"Ah, Mr. Leithen," he said, "we meet again."

I murmured something about my regrets at my early departure three days ago, and added in feeble jest that I wished he would hurry on his twilight of civilization, for the burden of it was becoming too much for me.

He looked me in the eyes with all the friendliness in the world. "So you have not forgotten our evening's talk? You owe me something, my friend, for giving you a new interest in your profession."

"I owe you much," I said, "for your hospitality, your advice, and your warnings."

He was wearing his tinted glasses and peered quizzically into my face.

"I am going to make a call in Grosvenor Place," he said, "and shall beg in return the pleasure of your company. So you know my young friend, Pitt-Heron?"

With an ingenuous countenance I explained that he had been at Oxford with me and that we had common friends.

"A brilliant young man," said Lumley. "Like you, he has occasionally cheered an old man's solitude. And he has spoken of me to you?"

"Yes," I said, lying stontly. "He used to tell me about your collections." (If Lumley knew Charles well he would find me out, for the latter would not have crossed the road for all the treasures of the Louvre.)

"Ah, yes, I have picked up a few things. If ever you should care to see them I should be honored. But Pitt-Heron is no collector. He loves life better than art, as a young man should. A great traveller our friend—the Laurence Oliphant or Richard Burton of our day."

We stopped at a house in Grosvenor Place, and he relinquished my arm. "Mr. Leithen," he said, "a word from one who wishes you no ill. You are a friend of Pitt-Heron, but where he goes you cannot follow. Take my advice and keep out of his affairs. You will do no good to him, and you may bring yourself into serious danger. You are a man of sense, a practical man, so I speak to you frankly. But, remember, I do not warn twice."

He took off his glasses, and his light, wild eyes looked me straight in the face. All benevolence had gone, and something implacable and deadly burned in them. Before I could say a word in reply he shuffled up the steps of the house and was gone. . . .

That night at the House I sought out Chapman in the smoking-room for several reasons. One was that I wanted an ally, and I thought with comfort of the bluff independence of the Labor member. The meeting with Lumley had scared me, but it had also clinched my resolution. I had now more than my friendship for Tommy and my sympathy with Pitt-Heron to urge me on. A man had tried to bully me, and that roused all the worst stubbornness of my soul. I was determined to see the game out at any cost.

Chapman had been having a row with the young bloods of my party that afternoon, and received me ungraciously. When I asked him about Routh, the ex-Union leader, he fairly blazed up.

"There you are, you Tories," he shouted. "You can't fight fair. You hate the Unions, and you rake up any wretched old prejudice to discredit them. You can find out about Routh for yourself, for I'm hanged if I help you."

I saw that I could do nothing with Chapman unless I made a clean breast of it, so for the second time that day I told the whole story. Chapman was wildly excited. No doubt of the validity of my evidence ever entered his head, for, like most of his party, he hated anarchism worse than capitalism, and the notion of a highly capitalized, highly scientific, highly undemocratic anarchism revolted his soul. Besides, he adored Tommy Deloraine.

Routh, he told me, had been a young engineer of a superior type, with a job in a big shop at Sheffield. He had

professed advanced political views, and, although he had strictly no business to be there, had taken a large part in Trade Union work, and was treasurer of one big branch. Chapman had met him often at conferences and on platforms, and had been impressed by the fertility and ingenuity of his mind and the boldness of his purpose. He was the leader of the left wing of the movement, and had that gift of half-scientific, half-philosophic jargon which is dear at all times to the hearts of the half-baked. A seat in Parliament had been repeatedly offered him, but he had always declined; wisely, Chapman thought, for he judged him the type which is more effective behind the scenes. But with all his ability he had not been popular. "He was a cold-blooded, sneering devil," as Chapman put it, "a sort of Parnell. He tyrannized over his followers, and he was the rudest brute I ever met." Then followed the catastrophe, in which it became apparent that he had speculated with the funds of his Union and had lost a large sum. Chapman, however, was suspicious of these losses, and was inclined to suspect that he had the money all the time in a safe place. A year or two earlier the Unions, greatly to the disgust of old-fashioned folk, had been given certain extra-legal privileges, and this man Routh had been one of the chief advocates of the Unions' claims. Now he had the cool effrontery to turn the tables on them, and use those very privileges to justify his action and escape prosecution. There was nothing to be done. Some of the fellows, said Chapman, swore to wring his neck, but he did not give them the chance. He had disappeared from England, and was generally believed to be living in luxury in some foreign capital. "What I would give to be even with the swine!" cried my friend, clenching and unclenching his big fist.

"But we're up against no small thing in Josiah Routh. There isn't a crime on earth he'd stick at, and he's as clever as the old Devil, his master."

"If that's how you feel, I can trust you to back me up," I said. "And the first thing I want you to do is to come and stay at my flat. God knows what may happen next, and two men are better than one. I will tell you frankly, I'm nervous, and I would like to have you with me."

Chapman had no objection. I accompanied him to his Bloomsbury lodgings, where he packed a bag, and we returned to the Down Street flat. The sight of his burly figure and sagacious face was a relief to me in the mysterious darkness where I now found myself walking.

I wanted in those days all the relief I could get, for it was a beastly time. I had nothing to grip on, no clear duty to perform, only to wait on the off-chance, with an atmosphere of suspicion thickening around me. The spying went on, but I soon ceased to mind it, though I did my best to give my watchers little satisfaction. For example, I did not go again to Scotland Yard, but two nights later met Macgillivray at the club to which we both belonged. He had something of great interest to tell me. I had asked about the phrase, the "Power-House." Well, he had found it in the letter of a German friend, a private letter, in which the writer gave the results of his inquiries into a curious affair which a year before had excited Europe. I have forgotten the details, but it had something to do with the Slav States of Austria and an Italian Students' Union, and it threatened at one time to be dangerous. Macgillivray's correspondent said that in some documents which were seized he found constant allusion to a thing called the *Krafthaus*, evidently the headquarters-staff of the plot. And this same word

Krafthaus had appeared elsewhere—in a sonnet of a poet-anarchist who shot himself in the slums of Antwerp, in the last ravings of more than one criminal, in the extraordinary testament of Professor M— of Jena, who, at the age of thirty-seven, took his life after writing a strange mystical message to his fellow-citizens. Macgillivray's correspondent concluded by saying that, in his opinion, if this *Krafthaus* could be found the key would be discovered to the most dangerous secret organization in the world. He added that he had some reason to believe that the motive power of the concern was English.

"Macgillivray," I said, "you have known me for some time, and I fancy you think me a sober and discreet person. Well, I believe I am on the edge of discovering the secret of your *Krafthaus*. I want you to promise me that if in the next week I send you an urgent message you will act on it, however fantastic it seems. I can't tell you more. I ask you to take me on trust and believe that for anything I do I have tremendous reasons."

He knitted his shaggy gray eyebrows and looked curiously at me. "Yes, I'll go ball for your sanity. It's a good deal to promise, but if you make an appeal to me, I will see that it is met."

Next day I had news from Felix. Tuke and the man called Saronov had been identified. If you are making inquiries about anybody it is fairly easy to find those who are seeking for the same person, and the Russian police, in tracking Tommy and Pitt-Heron, had easily come on the two gentlemen who were following the same trail. The two had gone by Samarkand, evidently intending to strike into the hills by a shorter route than the main road from Bokhara. The frontier posts had been warned, and the stalkers had become the stalked.

That was one solid achievement, at

any rate. I had saved Pitt-Heron from the worst danger, for first I had sent him Tommy, and now I had put the police on guard against his enemies. I had not the slightest doubt that enemies they were. Charles knew too much, and Tuke was the man appointed to reason with him, to bring him back if possible, or if not—. As Chapman had said, the ex-Union leader was not the man to stick at trifles.

It was a broiling June, the London season was at its height, and I had never been so busy in the Courts before. But that crowded and garish world was little more than a dream to me. I went through my daily tasks, dined out, went to the play, had consultations, talked to my fellows, but all the while I had the feeling that I was watching somebody else perform the same functions. My real interests were far away. Always I saw two men in the hot glens of the Oxus, with the fine dust of the *loess* rising in yellow clouds behind them. One of these men had a drawn and anxious face, and both rode hard. They passed by the closes of apricot and cherry and the green watered gardens, and soon the Oxus ceased to flow wide among rushes and water-lilies, and became a turbid hill-stream. By-and-by the roadside changed, and the horses of the travellers trod on mountain turf, crushing the irises and marigolds and thyme. I could feel the free air blowing from the roof of the world, and see far ahead the snowy saddle of the pass which led to India. Far behind the riders I saw two others, and they chose a different way, now over waterless plateaux, now in rugged *mullahs*. They rode the faster and their route was the shorter; sooner or later they must catch up the first riders, and I knew, though how I could not tell, that death would attend the meeting. I, and only I, sitting in London four thousand miles away, could prevent

disaster. The dream haunted me at night, and often, walking in the Strand or sitting at a dinner-table, I have found my eyes fixed clearly on the shining upland with the thin white mountains at the back of it, and the four dots, which were men, hurrying fast on their business.

Then the end came. I was sitting smoking late one night with Chapman when the telephone bell rang. It was Felix who spoke.

"I have news for you," he said. "The hunters have met the hunted, and one of the hunters is dead. The other is a prisoner in our hands. He has confessed."

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be concluded.)

It had been black murder in intent. The frontier police had shadowed the two men into the cup of a glen where they met Tommy and Pitt-Heron. The four had spoken together for a little, and then Tuke had fired deliberately at Charles and had grazed his ear. Whereupon Tommy had charged him and knocked the pistol from his hand. The assailant had fled, but a long shot from the police on the hillside had toppled him over. Tommy had felled Saronov with his fists, and the man had abjectly surrendered. He had confessed, Felix said, but what the confession was he did not know.

John Buchan.

THE SODA-WATER SIPHON.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I make no apology for addressing you on the subject of my Soda-Water Siphons, because you, Sir, are accountable for what I have gone through. You will recall that not a great many weeks ago you protested, by the pen of a contributor, against the reiteration on our Insurance Cards of the term, "The week commencing." Well, ever since I can remember I have been galled, Sir, and made sore and restive by the substitution, not only of "commence" for "begin," but of "assist" for "help," "sufficient" for "enough," etc., etc., etc., and, I may add, that my resentment is quite apart from a private conviction that I pay for these popular refinements of my mother tongue when I pay the Education rate. You may judge, then, how firm is my habit of self-suppression when I say that for more than seven years I have, without revolt, endured as right-hand companion at my dinner table a Soda-Water Siphon bearing the inscription:—

THIS SIPHON
IS THE PROPERTY OF
JAMES WODDLE,
The Arcade Grocery,
WHICH IF NOT RETURNED IN REASONABLE
TIME WILL BE CHARGED 2s. 6d.

Your protest, Mr. Punch, Sir, fell like rain on the arid soil of my compliance; it was like leaven in the dough of my idle acquiescence. I burst into leaf. I rose. It was easy to decide that the proper thing to do was to write to my grocer. To speak to him would be to humiliate him in the presence of his new bacon-cutter. On the other hand, if I wrote, he could read and hide his blushes behind the little screened desk where (as I happen to know, for I once drew a cheque there) he uses a potato as a pin-cushion.

Having decided to write I simply took a pen and wrote, courteously adopting his illiterate way of spelling the word Siphon:—

"Sir,—Referring to your Soda-Water, I observe that the Syphons bear a printed notice to the effect that if the

Syphon is not returned it 'will be charged half-a-crown.' It is clearly impossible to exact a fine from a Soda-Water Syphon. Why not therefore alter the label? Yours faithfully,

J. M. Pabslip."

Mr. Woddle's reply came next day, skewered to a Stilton cheese with a pin. It was written on very thin paper with a very hard-pointed pen.

"*Sir*,—I am in receipt of your esteemed communication. I always charge the Syphons 2s. 6d. when not returned. We are obliged to do so in order to protect ourselves. Soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favors,

Yours respectfully,

James Woddle."

I hastened to reply.

"*Dear Sir*,—You have misread my letter. I quite agree that you must protect yourself against loss of your Syphons, but why not say on the label that *I*—the user—will be charged half-a-crown? You cannot possibly mean that the *Syphon* will be charged half-a-crown. Pardon my writing to you on this subject, but in point of fact the wording on the label causes me some annoyance. Yours faithfully,

J. M. Pabslip."

By return of post I got Mr. Woddle's answer:—

"*Sir*,—I am in receipt of your esteemed communication. I can only repeat that when Soda-Water Syphons are not returned they will be charged 2s. 6d. I have no intention of charging you for your Syphons. We used, at one time, to make this charge universally, but it was unpopular and we found it unnecessary with our large circle of customers among the nobility and gentry of the neighborhood. At the same time we are bound to protect ourselves, and therefore put the notice on the Syphons to which you take exception. Hoping this explanation will be satisfactory and soliciting a

continuance of your esteemed favors,

Yours respectfully,

James Woddle."

I could not obviously let the matter rest there, so I sat down and laid myself out to settle the thing for good and all.

"*My dear Sir*," I wrote,—"*Please do not misunderstand me. I fully realize that you must reimburse yourself in the event of your Syphons not being returned to you; that is only fair and reasonable. What I object to, if I may say so, is that on the printed label you clearly state that the Syphons will be charged half-a-crown, and this is an absolute impossibility. If you read the label you will see that the relative 'which' refers to the Syphon. Surely this is clear. What you mean is that, if for any reason the user (myself, for instance) fails altogether, or unreasonably delays, to make due restitution of any Syphon or Syphons to you (the rightful owner), then you reserve the right, in the event of its not being returned in reasonable time, to exact from him (me, for instance) the payment of the sum of two-and-sixpence for each Syphon lent by you. This is what you mean. Then why not say it? The continued publication year after year of a printed phrase which is blatantly ungrammatical can only tend to undermine our native tongue, and I submit that it is incumbent on you to do your duty to the public by revising the label. Yours faithfully,*

J. M. Pabslip."

"Woddle's amazing reply came with the bacon next morning:—

"*Sir*,—I am duly in receipt of your esteemed communication. I am surprised that a gentleman should continue to make complaints when a satisfactory explanation has been offered. If my Syphons are not returned they will be charged 2s. 6d. I put it on the labels so that gentlemen may know beforehand, and that's business. I don't

know why, after all these years, a gentleman should object to my Soda-Water, which is the best made and same as always supplied. Soliciting a continuance of your esteemed favors,

Yours respectfully,

James Woddle."

It was impossible to do more than I had done. It also seemed unreasonable to go on ordering Soda-Water from Woddle. I had grounds for reconsidering this decision, however, when the

Punch.

rival Siphon was put on my table. The label ran as follows:—

THIS SYPHON
IS THE PROPERTY OF
CHARLES F. BINKS,
Family Grocer, 19, Wool Street,
and WHICH IF NOT RETURNED IN REASONABLE
TIME WILL BE CHARGED 2s. 6d.

The italics are mine. Please, *Mr. Punch*, tell me what I ought to do next.

Yours obediently,

J. M. Pabslip."

THE REAL PRESIDENT HUERTA.

Mexico City, Nov. 19.

To discover the true nature of this man, who for many months has been so prominent a figure on the stage of nations, we must look into his history, not only since, but before he succeeded Madero as President after the street battle in Mexico City last spring. To begin with, he is of pure Indian descent, and he is proud of it. "Yo soy Indio," he declared at the dinner given by the British Club here to celebrate the Coronation of King George, and he went on, in one of his bursts of intimate eloquence:—"My people are young compared with your Anglo-Saxon race, but in our veins there are the same red corpuscles as in yours." By keeping in mind the fact that he is Indian, we find the clue to many sides of his character, which in a Mexican of Spanish or even mixed origin would be harder to explain. His ability, undoubtedly remarkable, is closely allied to cunning. His intelligence has strange limitations. While at times he can behave with striking dignity, he allows himself in moments of relaxation to forget his high position. By frequenting cafés, some of them classed as disreputable, he has offended the taste of the cultivated; the more so since in this respect they compare him unfavorably

with President Diaz, who was always careful to uphold the best traditions of his office. It is universally believed in the United States that he is a heavy drinker. Here there is an exaggeration. That he drinks a certain quantity of alcohol is true. I have been told by one who visited him in the early morning that his breakfast consisted of a beaten-up raw egg, a glass of claret, and a glass of brandy. But the habit is more easily excusable when it has so little effect, either mental or physical, as in General Huerta's case. He is in his 69th year, a man of powerful frame and vigorous constitution. Alcohol seems to stimulate him, without having the same effect as it would have upon the great majority of men.

Born a poor Indian boy, he might have lived and died in obscurity but for the timely visit to his village of a force of soldiers, commanded by a general. The general needed an amanuensis, and at that time Indians able to read and write were even scarcer than they are to-day. Young Huerta had made good use of such poor schooling as the village afforded. The general employed him, was struck by his brightness, and took him to the capital, where, through the interest of President Juarez, he was admitted to the

Military School. This, of course, could not be compared with similar institutions in Europe, but Victoriano Huerta took full advantage of his opportunities, and at the end of the course of studies was declared a credit to the college and a young man marked out for high positions. Under General Diaz he did good service, but for some reason was neither liked nor trusted by his commander-in-chief, perhaps because Diaz considered him a possible rival. Yet when the old President fled the country Huerta behaved with stanch loyalty; saw to his safe conduct; even ordered a farewell salute to be fired. As soon as Madero came into office Colonel Huerta was placed on half-pay. Now he engaged in business as a contractor for building materials. I have spoken with many people who knew him in this capacity in Monterey. In his business transactions he was honest and fairly capable, but as regards the payment of his household accounts he was less punctilious. That was where the Indian character revealed itself. Not even when he became President did he settle the small accounts which he left owing in Monterey.

The virulence of the Zapata rebellion in Morelos, where the land grievances of the Indians were especially acute, caused his recall to active service. He was quickly successful in dealing with the Zapatista bandits, and would have annihilated them but for Madero's mysterious intervention. Huerta, now General, was recalled and once more placed on half-pay. He took up business again, and was on the point of becoming a partner in some marble quarries when the failure of other leaders to defeat Orosco's rebellion in the North forced Madero to call upon him for aid. I have laid stress upon his business enterprises, because they show that Huerta was not, as his enemies declare, a man consumed by am-

bition for power. Had he been that he would not have retired so quietly into private life. What he sought was money rather than power. It is avarice, many think, rather than ambition which has made him cling to office with so desperate a grip.

Before he agreed to take command against Orosco he made certain demands for war material. These were at first refused, but he persisted and Madero's Government gave way. His campaign was a triumphant success. Yet a third time Madero dispensed with his services until, as the end of his disastrous Presidency approached, he was compelled to rely upon Huerta once more. During the fighting in the capital he commanded the Federal troops, but he saw from the first how hopeless Madero's position was. He saw that Madero had become impossible. He was appealed to by Senators, Deputies, foreign residents, and, with especial force, as he himself has told me, by Mr. Henry Lane Wilson, the American Ambassador, to end the carnage in the streets (3,000 had been killed). He met General Felix Diaz at the American Embassy; a few hours later Madero was made a prisoner and forced to resign. Huerta, being Minister of War, and the strongest man in sight, became Provisional President in accordance with the terms of the Mexican Constitution.

From the moment of Madero's murder, however, he had to face the determined hostility of the United States. Washington refused to recognize him, partly on the ground that it wished to discourage violent revolutions by political adventurers, an epithet which scarcely applies to one who had office thrust upon him in the manner I have described. He was unable to borrow money for the purpose of defeating the rebellion which broke out a few days after he had become President. The Carranzistas over-ran the north.

Zapata and his brutal "peons" scourged Morelos and its neighbor States. Hailed at the outset as the saviour of his country, General Huerta steadily lost ground. He could only see one way out of his difficulties—despotism. Against the advice of his wisest friends, he dissolved Congress and imprisoned a large number of Deputies. Money troubles became serious. Salaries of public servants, rents of public buildings, fell into arrear. The furrows in the old President's forehead deepened. He quarrelled with his Ministers. He had begun with a Cabinet of respectable, and mostly capable, politicians. One by one they were "requested to resign," and their places filled by inferior men. As a Mexican who once played a prominent part put it to me, the President "no longer sought colleagues, but accomplices." He gathered around him a crew of sycophants who encouraged him to think that the United States were "only bluffing," and that even if war came, their country could not defeat his ragged, ill-trained Indians.

Now he is obsessed by the belief that he is indispensable. He "cooked the elections" so that he might be returned as President, although he had not offered himself. Copies of the secret instructions he sent to local authorities are being furtively shown about the city now. This was merely a ruse, however. His plan was that the new Congress, consisting for the most part of his relatives and supporters, should declare his election void, but ask him to remain in office until the country was sufficiently paci-

The Times.

fied for a fresh choice to be made. I am assured that he confided to a friend that no election would be possible for three years, and that he then counted upon being elected President himself! That was in one of his expansive moods. As a rule he confides in nobody. Even his Ministers are kept in ignorance of what his next move is to be. He summons them suddenly, sometimes in the very early hours of the morning, and tells them what they are to do. If they argue they are dismissed. Señor Garza Aldape advised him to resign, and pointed out that the meeting of Congress would be illegal. He was not only deprived of his office, but packed off at less than twelve hours' notice to France, where he is 'to be Mexican Minister!

With an obstinate tyrant on one side and an obstinate moralist on the other, it is no wonder that the people here are apprehensive. The whole city is in a state of nervous tension. Added to their anxiety as to what the United States may do is a sinister fear of an outbreak by the soldiers, if there should be no way of securing money with which to pay them. The situation is difficult and dangerous, curiously like that which preceded the South African War. Then, as now, there was an old President trying all kinds of ruses, fancying he could give battle successfully to a powerful nation with endless resources, fighting doggedly against the inevitable. President Huerta is an Indian. President Kruger was a Boer; but history will say of them that they were very much alike.

THE UNREST OF THE WORLD.

The year 1913 ended in a cloud of unsettled international questions, any one of which in other times might have been the cause of war, or at least of a serious war scare. There is little talk of war at the moment because, we imagine, the feelings of mankind work in a kind of ebb and flow, and international emotions have their cycles like the tidal changes in trade which man can only partly explain. It has been said that every generation wants its war. One great advantage of the present time, which is the outcome of many past disadvantages and much tribulation, is that men have had their fill of fighting. They have had their fill whether they were participants in, or spectators of, the recent Balkan War, which, according to the details that are continually becoming better known, was one of the most horrible and ferocious in history. Then, apart from the fact that there is no warlike feeling in the air in spite of the existence of ample material for the making of wars, there is the consciousness, particularly in Germany, that the raising of money cannot be carried much further except by the employment of fiscal devices which defeat their own ends. The business interests have taken alarm. Even in rich France it is obvious that the huge sum of £52,000,000 required for national defence and for the payment of expenses already incurred in Morocco cannot be raised without forms of direct taxation that have been traditionally unpopular with Frenchmen. For these and other reasons we are not in fear of war; but it must be remembered that feelings will change as soon as short memories lose the vividness of their impressions, and that we cannot call the world a safe place to live in until the more difficult questions which now puzzle the

nations on every side have been satisfactorily settled.

We may summarily review the state of foreign affairs as the New Year found it. To begin with, it becomes daily more obvious that the Treaties of London, Bucharest, and Constantinople have not really settled the problems of the Balkans. It seems possible that the Concert of Europe, which really was a Concert for the purpose of dealing with the Balkans during the war, even though its maximum of agreement was not great, may fall asunder again into two camps. It has been announced that Sir Edward Grey's Note on the Aegean islands will be considered by the three members of the Triple Alliance, who will then send a united answer to it. The disposal of the islands was expressly left to the Great Powers, so we hope that the Bench of Judges will not disagree in this matter, as there is no Court of Appeal above them. Sir Edward Grey implied, if he did not say, in his Note that the conditions which Turkey had to fulfil before Italy abandoned the islands occupied during her war with Turkey were already fulfilled. We do not know whether the Italian Government maintain that the conditions are not fulfilled, for their statements on the subject are reticent and vague. At all events, there is no appearance of an immediate abandonment of the islands. Greece, we have always held, ought to have all the Aegean islands, which have immemorially been associated with her by sentiment and belong to her by geographical right. But Greece is not in such favor with the Powers as she used to be, and it will be necessary for her not to insist on making unjustifiable claims to territory in Southern Albania—claims which would be certain to provoke Italy to

dangerous resentment. One point already scored by Greece, which ought to be an enormous source of pride to her and a makeweight against any minor disappointments, is the fact that the Greek flag has been hoisted in Crete with the consent of the Powers. At least we read in the *Times* that the Consuls were present at the ceremony, and that may be taken as a sign of consent. It is a signal fact that the Cretan question is at last ended, and we trust that the Greeks will remember that the Venezelos policy to which they owe this result was substantially one of prudence. A kindred question to that of the islands is the tentative claim of Russia to a direct influence in the administration of Mount Athos. "Influence" is one of those vague words which may cover anything, and Italy and Austria-Hungary already pretend that Russia wishes to upset the balance of power in the Mediterranean. Against this anti-Russian suspicion must be set the anti-German suspicions of Russia. The latter have become rather acute owing to the appointment of a German General, General Liman von Sanders, to the command of the 1st Army Corps at Constantinople. It may or may not be that the duties of the German general are different in kind from those of the naval "advisers" whom Great Britain lends to Turkey. On the surface it would seem that there is no justification for a German general actually taking command of the 1st Army Corps, and the action of Germany in arranging for him to do so is not one that can be described as scrupulously framed to maintain the public confidence of Europe. But it must be remembered that foreign protests at the Porte are so much of an everyday occurrence—so much part of the familiar game of diplomacy as played in Turkey—that the Turkish Government provides against them in advance by saying that they are going

to do things which they have no real expectation of being allowed to do. The protests in France have been more active than those of Russia, who indeed is accused by Frenchmen of negligence. It is difficult to get to the bottom of this conflicting play of rival interests, but we may say in general that while we have no doubt that Russia is as anxious to serve her own interests as she always has been, she is also sincerely desirous of peace. She has nothing whatever to gain by war. She honestly stands with the Triple Entente for the maintenance of peace. In the meantime we fear that the financial condition of Turkey is going from bad to worse. The Young Turks, who formerly made a point of paying salaries regularly, are no longer able to do so, and they have fallen some months into arrear. After all its vicissitudes the Committee is still the core of government in Turkey. It is not that the Committee is strong so much as that there is no other group strong enough to supersede it. Unless some bold spirit suddenly arises to change the complexion of affairs, the Committee will probably be re-instated in power at the next elections.

As the result of the Balkan War, the Triple Alliance probably feels more doubtful of its strength than the Triple Entente does. Austria-Hungary has pursued a policy at once ambitious, jealous, and curiously unsuccessful. For the moment her suspicion is directed almost wholly against Servia. Servia has got more out of the war than any of the Balkan Allies. She has won great military renown; besides doubling her territory, she was able to help the Bulgarians in front of Adrianople, and to suppress quickly, if ruthlessly, an Albanian revolt that would have occupied the Turks for months. Her pride and ambition naturally match her achievements, and

it is in the way of her ambition that Austria-Hungary sets innumerable stumbling-blocks. It would be well if the Austrians could forget their anti-Slav prejudices, but they will probably continue in the old manner, and one does not see what the end will be of this clash of ambitions. Servia appears determined to possess the Orient Railway which runs through her newly acquired territory, and Austria-Hungary declares that she, for her part, cannot consent to the paralysis of her trade with Salonica. This is one of the more dangerous disputes. In the meantime it is interesting to watch the reaction of Austria-Hungary's political paralysis upon the state of the Triple Alliance. Germany can feel confidence in neither Austria-Hungary nor Italy. Italy, in proportion to her success in Northern Africa, is necessarily an even less zealous member than before of the Triple Alliance. Her attention is turned away from Europe to her new possessions. Her interest in watching the policy of the Triple Entente is as nothing compared with her anxiety to develop her administration and trade in the Tripolitaine. If Germany proposed any speculative or fanciful policy for the Triple Alliance, the approval of Italy would be almost freezing in its formality. Italy thinks that she has a "good thing" in Northern Africa, and she wants nothing less than to follow wills-of-the-wisp elsewhere. It may be said that all this tells in favor of peace, and we are glad to be able to say that we think it does. Russia, so far from suffering from the events in the Balkans, is in a stronger position than ever. The motive of the Triple Entente as a league of peace has, indeed, worked admirably. It is proved, in fact, that the Triple Entente is necessary. In all our dealings with Russia we should remember this. She may do things that we had rather were left undone, but we repeat that her desire

for peace is honest, and that if we were ever to split with Russia because of minor disagreements, we should be false to our interests and to those of Europe. To split with her would at once expose us to the old legendary charge of perfidy. We should be the object of attack from every country in Europe, and we should have fairly earned our fate. That is why we must never allow the Triple Entente to collapse. Heroic isolation means death—possibly heroic, but at all events certain. We are a member of the Triple Entente by force of circumstances. The alternative is a disaster by comparison with which the admitted inconveniences and the minor disagreeable responsibilities which our obligations force us to incur at present are negligible.

For the other outstanding events in foreign affairs we must look further afield—to China and Mexico. In China the Republic has already become little more than a name. Yuan Shih-kai has answered his critics in the traditional non-Republican manner by removing them. Parliament (which, however, is not in active being) has been purged by the suspension of the whole of the advanced Radical group. This was the not unexpected sequel to the suppression of the revolt in the South, whence the strength of philosophic Radicalism was derived. The absence of any striking news from China in recent days enables us to hope that nothing tragic is happening. It may be that the dictatorship of a prince of opportunists like Yuan Shih-kai may be much better for the country in the end than a chaos of benevolent but impotent Republicanism. The news that a concession for a British railway has been gained by Lord French is of particular interest, because it is the first great private commercial enterprise which has been negotiated since the collapse of the authority of the Five

Power group. The Powers still regulate the raising of State loans in China, but for the rest foreigners are free in their private capacity to enter into any undertakings they please with the support of their respective Legations. We only hope that British traders will depend mainly upon their own efforts, and not try, by unnecessary complaints of the inaction of our Legation, to force the Foreign Office into a bagman diplomacy, which is a very undesirable kind of diplomacy. As to Mexico, President Wilson is still trusting to the financial collapse of General Huerta. That General Huerta will collapse if given time enough is quite likely. Everyone except Porfirio Diaz has always col-

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lapsed in Mexico. But the new candidate for the Presidency, be he Federal or rebel, is not likely to be much less "blood-stained" than General Huerta himself, against whom, by the way, assassination has never been proved. We recognize the fine intentions of Mr. Wilson, but we cannot see how his policy can end ultimately in anything but failure or effective intervention. You cannot order the daily conduct of any country without establishing such a control as is indistinguishable from a Protectorate, which in its turn is often indistinguishable from annexation. Yet annexation is repudiated by Mr. Wilson as something inconceivably wrong.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The publishing house of L. C. Page & Co. will hereafter be known as The Page Company but no change in ownership or management attends the change in name.

Among the announcements of the Thomas Y. Crowell Company for early publication are "The Commuter's Garden," a book of practical suggestions for suburban residents; "The Education of Karl Witte, or The Training of the Child" translated by Professor Wiener of Harvard; "Heroes of the Farthest North and Farthest South" adapted from J. Kennedy Maclean's "Heroes of the Polar Seas"; and "Richard Wagner: The Man and His Work" by Oliver Huckel, in a style uniform with the writer's translations of Wagner Operas.

A new and interesting type of villain is Arthur Craddock of E. F. Benson's novel, "Thorley Weir." He was a clever Englishman, who, while not possessing a particle of genius himself,

was able to detect that quality in others, and to know intuitively what would please the public in matters of art, literature and the drama. It was Craddock's custom to seek out promising young writers and painters, to befriend them, apparently beyond all deserts, by purchasing their first work and setting them up in comfortable quarters. Then when they felt sufficiently grateful and indebted to him, Craddock would place them under a contract in regard to their future productions, and make a fortune while they made a bare living. The story concerns two such young men; a dramatist who had been helped by Craddock, but who saw through his ostensible benevolence and spared no pains in showing his attitude, and an unsuspecting, high-minded artist. The latter was not only swindled by Craddock in money matters, but thwarted in his love affair. The situation in which the two men "show up" Craddock is handled with a true appreciation of its dramatic possibilities. The

whole story is fine in spirit and well worth the telling. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Readers of Mrs. Burnett's clever story "T. Tembarom" will be interested and perhaps a little amused to read the following extract from the review of the book published in the London Saturday Review:

She grips the reader in the first pages of her book and awakens sympathetic interest in a Brooklyn waif whose Christian name was Temple and whose surname was Baron. This easily settled itself in his brief period at school into "Tembarom," a nickname which clung to him through life. His father, an English immigrant who held in contempt every American trait and institution, died when he was eight, and his mother, an American, died when he was ten. So Tembarom was left to shift for himself, and very well he managed, with the aid mainly of an extremely engaging personality which won friends for him at every turn of his life. From shoeblack, errand boy and newspaper vendor he won a place as stenographer to the editor of a Brooklyn Sunday paper. Thence his career through all the picturesque episodes of struggling youth, from "the proud position of society reporter" to the time when he became President, was a tale of unbroken triumph.

As T. Tembarom never became President nor dreamed of doing so, but the interest of the story centres in the development of his character as the occupant and supposed heir of a large English estate, it is possible to put one's finger on almost the very chapter early in the book where the reviewer of the Saturday Review stopped reading the story and decided to guess at the rest.

Dr. Jeremiah W. Jenks, Professor of Government in New York University and W. Jett Lauck, former Associate

Professor of Economics and Politics in Washington and Lee University are joint authors of "The Immigration Problem" published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company in a third and enlarged edition. The volume may be accurately described as an encyclopædia of information relating to immigration, drawn from the latest official sources and covering the whole field of inquiry. Both of the authors were officially connected with the United States Immigration Commission, appointed in 1907 to study the effect of immigration upon American civilization, and they have drawn freely upon the data obtained during the four years' investigation by that Commission and embodied in a Report extending to forty-two volumes. The present edition covers also information gathered in connection with the United States Census of 1910 and the substance of the latest reports upon immigration and naturalization. Every phase of the immigration problem is here authoritatively and exhaustively treated—the causes of immigration, the characteristics of immigrants which affect American institutions, the social problems arising from recent immigration, the immigrant in mines, factories and agriculture, immigrant institutions and churches, living conditions and congestion, the status of immigrants in industries and the floating immigrant labor supply, the effect of immigrant labor upon the American wage-earner, the extent, character and effect of European, Mexican and Oriental immigration on the Pacific Coast, agencies of protection, progress of assimilation, and proposed legislation and remedies, all this and much more is clearly presented, first in a general statement and then in full statistical detail. Altogether, the work stands by itself as a complete and up-to-date compendium upon this important question.